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THE BYSTANDER
DECEMBER 9, 1936

The BYSTANDER

Riviera Number

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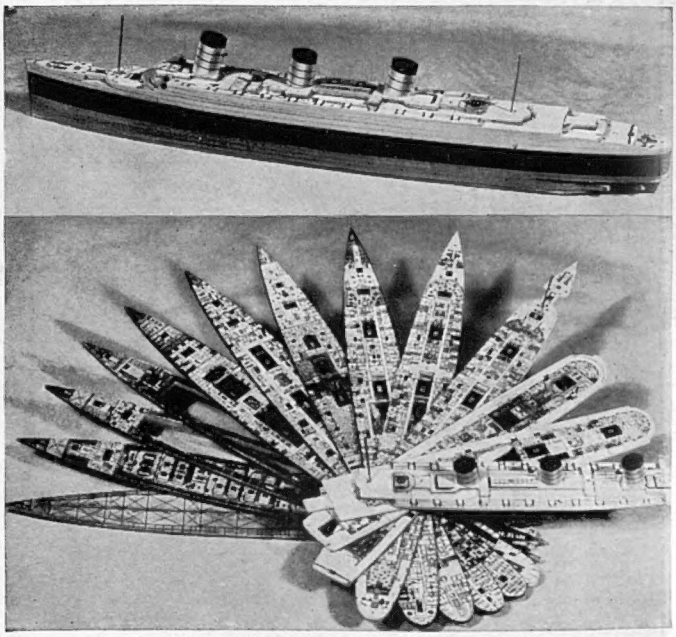

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The Bystander, December 9, 1936 No. 1721. Vol. CXXXII.

The Bystander

Baron

The Crown and the Cabinet

Behind the fierce glare of publicity which events have turned on to the King's private life stand the weighty claims of Church and State, Empire and Parliament. The King and the Prime Minister meet at the cross-roads of history, with a tremendous burden of responsibility on their shoulders—responsibility to the past, its tradition and precedent, and to the future with its profound need for stability and leadership

December 3rd, 1936 : an Epitome by Norman Parkinson

The King in South Wales—an Event That Thousands Will Never Forget

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IT would be absurd for anyone writing under the heading, "The Passing Hour" to ignore the major constitutional crisis which blew up with such suddenness last week. It then became known universally that his Majesty had differed from his Ministers on a certain point, and a situation of extraordinary delicacy arose. I do not propose to make any comment whatsoever upon that situation. It is for bigger and better men to resolve the problem. But I must say a word, a word which no one else has yet said, so far as I know, about the position of Mr. Baldwin. I doubt if any Prime Minister has ever been placed in such a painful position. He stands mid-way between the nation's loyalty to the Throne and the Throne's loyalty to the nation. On his shoulders, and on his alone—for his influence with the country far outweighs the influence of any other Minister—lies the double burden of maintaining the Constitution which has been handed down through the centuries and of maintaining the Throne which has come down to us side by side with that Constitution.

Whatever may be the upshot, we can feel nothing but sympathy for the Prime Minister in his cruel position, and at the same time we can feel nothing but relief that this situation which, though it affects every citizen in the Empire, nevertheless is fundamentally an English problem for the English people, should be in the hands of an English gentleman.

IF it is true that several thousand Germans have landed in Spain to assist General Franco, then I think we have reached a position where anything—and by "anything" I mean "anything," including a world war—may happen at any moment. These men may be volunteers. Mr. Noel-Baker, speaking about them in the House of Commons, remarked, "A Government which can believe in a totalitarian volunteer can believe in anything," which may or may not be true. But what is true is that, owing to Nazi control over passports, over their frontiers, and over the export of German money, no substantial body of men could have left Germany for Spain without the consent of the Nazi authorities.

ANY such intervention in Spain by the dictatorships must inevitably weaken M. Blum's position in France. For months his Left Wing has been straining at the leash of non-intervention, and yapping with excitement at the hope of being able to snap the leash and bounce into the bull-ring. If it is proved that this landing of Germans is part of an official Berlin policy, the French Communists will almost certainly smash the Front Populaire, and M. Blum will have to resign. Indeed, things are moving at such an alarming speed that he may have already resigned by the time these lines appear.

A STRIKING and terrible speech in the Spanish debate in the House was made by Wing-Commander James, the Conservative Member for Wellingborough who has just returned from Madrid. "It is a clash of the most profound religious as well as political convictions on both sides," said the Wing-Commander. "Each side is out, quite ruthlessly, utterly and absolutely, to exterminate the other. It has all the ferocity of the religious wars of the Middle Ages, and, superimposed upon that, the political theories of the twentieth century. Both sides have received, and are receiving, an enormous volume of foreign support."

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech at the Pan-American Conference at Buenos Ayres did not come down to brass tacks after all. He did not make any concrete proposals about neutrality in the event of another European war, nor did he say anything about financial boycotts of aggressors. On the other hand, his vigorous words in defence of democracy and freedom of speech and Press were obviously designed to show Rome, Berlin, and Tokio that there is neither sympathy

(*Continued on page 388*)

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 387)

for their ideas in Washington, nor scope for their expansion in South America.

I DID not see a single accurate account in any newspaper of the origin of the design of the Crystal Palace. This is how it came about. The Duke of Devonshire of the time was a passionately keen gardener and he found a congenial spirit in one of his under-gardeners, a dour, solid young Scotsman named Paxton. They became inseparable over their common passion, and a lifelong friendship grew up between Master and Man. When the Duke, after great expenditure and the sending-out of a special expedition, at last secured a specimen of the mighty lily, Victoria Regia, from Guiana, it was Paxton who designed the tank and glass-house in which the huge plant was to be induced to flower. The lily flowered, and Paxton's design was expanded into the Crystal Palace, and later on Paxton became a railway magnate, a knight, and a Member of Parliament.

HOW many newspapers are publishing "the real truth" about the life of Basil Zaharoff? At least half a dozen, I should think, and hardly any of them agree upon the really interesting points. The life of a man like Zaharoff falls naturally into three divisions. Firstly, there is the part which everyone knows, how he bought and sold submarines and machine-guns and casinos, and so on. Secondly, there is the secret history of his gigantic financial and commercial deals, and this part will never be known outside the small ring of associates who helped him to carry through those deals. And thirdly, there is the part of his life in which he fought his way from obscurity into affluence. This part will never be known by anyone because he has obliterated all the traces of it. The way in which the Zaharoffs of this world fight their way from obscurity to affluence does not usually bear re-telling. So all the "real truths" about this seller of death will be anything but real and anything but true.

Mrs. Wallis Simpson

Mrs. Simpson in Her Bryanston Court Flat

THE Westminster Council are longing to cut down the four centre plane trees in Leicester Square Gardens. Apparently a garden is no place for trees, and, what is more, trees are a

From Which She Recently Moved to Cumberland Terrace

A Week or Two Ago

This snapshot of Mrs. Simpson was taken at a reception in London about two weeks ago. As usual, she was beautifully dressed and supremely soignée. Everyone who knows her is agreed on her flair for dress, her interest in every detail of the running of her house, and her exceptional gifts as a witty and informed conversationalist

direct encouragement to birds, and a garden is no place for birds. What a crazy world we live in. A park nowadays is no longer a pleasant stretch of grass-land with sheep grazing and cows and ancient oak trees and elms. It is an area of concrete and tar in which smelly and noisy mechanical vehicles may be left for a period not exceeding two hours in accordance with the by-laws of the local authority. And in just the same spirit nothing must grow in Leicester Square Gardens.

At last the ban upon plays about Queen Victoria has been lifted, by permission of the King, and after June 20 of next year, the centenary of her accession to the Throne, plays about her will be considered by the Lord Chamberlain. The main point about this belated step in the right direction is that it will enable Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* to be produced at last in this country. It has been a triumphant success for many months in New York, with Helen Hayes as the Queen.

One Way ? by Norman Parkinson

The Duke and Duchess of York

After the King and Mr. Baldwin, the Duke of York was the man most deeply involved in the vortex of coming and going, of meetings and discussions that swept between Buckingham Palace, Downing Street, the House of Commons, and 145, Piccadilly. He and the Duchess arrived in London from Scotland last Thursday morning; they visited the Queen, the Duke saw the King in the evening, and he and the Duchess then dined at Marlborough House, and were with the Queen until after midnight. Next morning, the Duke again went to Buckingham Palace, and his Private Secretary, Sir Eric Miéville, was the first caller at 10, Downing Street. This picture of the Duke and Duchess was taken last month at a charity ball to which they gave their patronage

A Couple of One-Man Shows

Lord Hastings' : Mr. Epstein's

Part of the Show and the Man of the One-Man Show

The chief exhibit in Epstein's show at Tooth's Galleries is his portrait-bust of the Emperor of Abyssinia, Haile Selassie I. There is also a number of flower paintings. The exhibition opened to the public on Friday

Mr. Epstein's Private Viewers

Mrs. Graeme Ogden, Mrs. Ritchie Tillotson and Lady Worthington-Evans were at the Epstein private view—Lady Worthington-Evans with a new Greek coiffure

Lord Hastings' Private Viewers

Another Man of Another One-Man Show

Left: Lady Hastings, who is Italian by birth, acted hostess to Mr. Duncan Macdonald and Lord Tredegar at her husband's show at Lefèvre's Galleries. There are two portraits of her in the exhibition, one in colour, one in black and white

Lord Hastings' one-man exhibition of paintings, drawings and panels in fresco came before the art world just after his claim to carry the Golden Spurs at the Coronation came before the legal people. He is seen beside a study in contrast entitled "Hampstead Fair." Quiet nuns in the foreground, noisy roundabouts behind

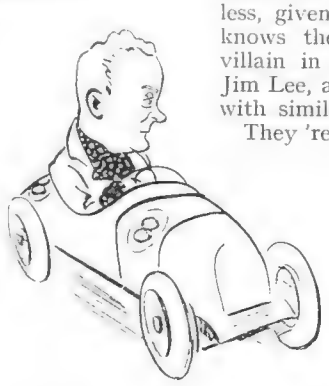
The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Roaring Engines Make Roaring Melodrama

"Hell for Leather" (Phœnix)

THIS play consists of noises off and noises on stage. And as in both cases the noises are fun, there is likely to be a big response from the great modern public, which would rather listen to a good imitation of a herd of elephants stampeding through a forest than to King Lear merely impaled on the jagged peak of inspiration.

This is a point which might be borne in mind by instructors in schools for commercial young dramatists. Think of a new noise—find out how to make it—and then write a play round it. Such a play was *The Ghost Train*, where the train thundered by as no train had ever thundered in a theatre before. Such a play is *Hell for Leather*, where the zip-zoop of the motor-cars racing off stage for the Grand Prix de Quelque Place, with megaphone reports between the whizzes, and a grand crash for climax, split, as Hamlet remarked, the ears of the groundlings. "Who," he added, being a very acid fellow, "for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise."



Edgar Norfolk set out to break the lap record but broke his neck instead

THE noises on the stage of the Phœnix assault the ear no less vigorously than the noises off. Barré Lyndon's dialogue throughout is racy of the garage and not too easy, if you aren't in the business itself (which Mr. Lyndon is), to follow. But it provides a new kind of experience, like listening to a joke or a confession of infidelity above the racket of an electric road-drill.

In spite of the din, the main points of the story come through clearly enough. If the race is not won by one of Hammond Knight's machines, his firm will go broke. It is only too likely to be won by an opposition machine, the driver of which once got Mr. Knight's own daughter into trouble. This daughter is now reciprocally in love with handsome Jim Lee, racing for Mr. Knight. The opposition driver threatens to give her past away if she doesn't show him the test sheets of the Knight machines. Another of Mr. Knight's drivers, reckless, given to drink, but clean at heart, knows the facts and vows to do the villain in during the race. Handsome Jim Lee, also learning the truth, sets out with similar intentions.

They 're off! Zip-zoop! Now for the super-thrills! And with Claud Gurney brilliantly directing, they are as exciting as anything in the annals of Drury Lane itself.

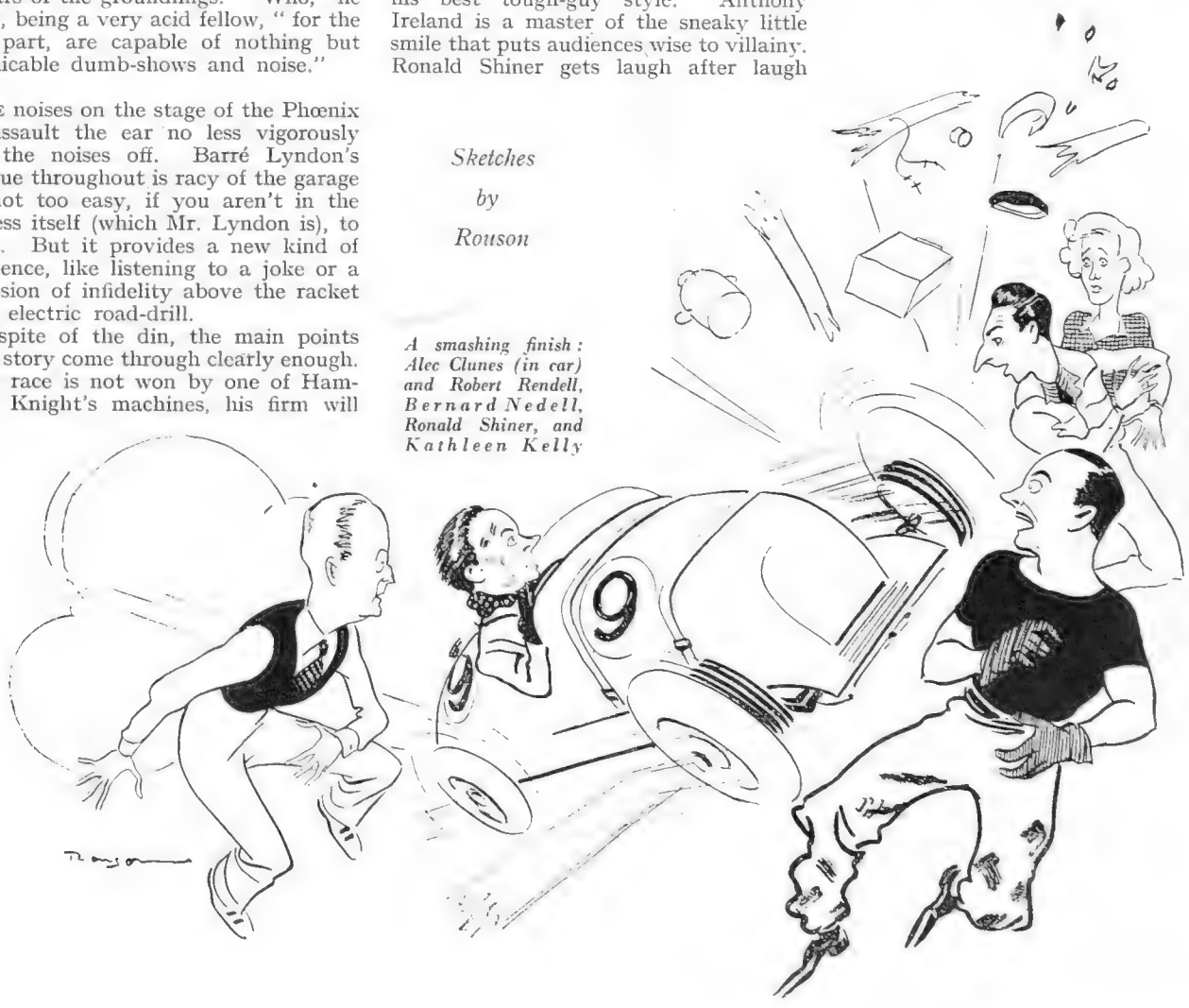
HERE we are, then, back to the good old roaring melodrama we have so often lamented. And no one will enjoy it more than our boys and girls, who, when the schools break up, should make a bee-line for the Phœnix.

The acting is slick. Bernard Nedell drinks, lunges, and comes a cropper in his best tough-guy style. Anthony Ireland is a master of the sneaky little smile that puts audiences wise to villainy. Ronald Shiner gets laugh after laugh as a comic mechanic who can't keep his mouth shut. Sam Wilkinson is no less amusing as another mechanic who can't get his open.

Racing ace who is a black knave: Anthony Ireland

THE ladies are less happily served. They seem to be there rather because you must have girls in plays. But we feel that Kathleen Kelly may be worth watching next time—and we know that Olive Blakeney was last.

Sketches by Rouson



A smashing finish: Alec Clunes (in car) and Robert Rendell, Bernard Nedell, Ronald Shiner, and Kathleen Kelly

That fascinating, very nice-looking Hapsburg, the Archduke Franz-Joseph, cousin of Pretender Otto, dines out a great deal during Cannes' winter season and transfers to Deauville in summer. With him at innumerable galas is the beautiful Baronin von Kahler from Vienna

In winter the Hotel de Paris would not be itself without Lord Kemsley, better remembered as Sir Gomer Berry. He and his handsome wife, her sister, Mme. Van den Hayden Hauzeur (seen here) plus her husband, the crack Belgian pigeon shot, make a family foursome and a long stay

Left: the Winter Sporting Club at Monte Carlo gains glamour from the presence of Viscountess Furness, who is seen with her third husband, the shipping magnate. Perfectly dressed, usually in white to match her hair, she overlooks the Big Table most nights after dinner

Right: Michael Arlen, witty and wealthy, decorates the Cannes scene. Michael enjoys being one of these charming people more than writing about them. He cables daily from the Carlton Hotel to Wall St. while Junior plays the fruit machine

The Earl of Durham of the amused and amusing expression takes his good-looking young second wife to Monte Carlo every winter. They entertain regularly at the Sporting Club, occasionally dine à deux to the cabaret, and always appear to enjoy the Principality's many attractions

Lady (Victor) Stanley, a sister-in-law of Lord Derby, thoroughly enjoys her annual excursion to the Hotel de Paris and is much entertained for out there

Without the Vagliano family—here is Marino Vagliano and his wife—golf might not have grown into a chic French pastime. This dominant Franco-Grecian family donates cups, gets up competitions, and wins its own cups now and then. Marino plays at Mandelieu

Mr. Francis Francis is a beautiful golfer and a charmingly modest millionaire; he left the Blues when he married American actress Sunny Jarman. They winter at Cannes with their babies and he collects most available golf pots

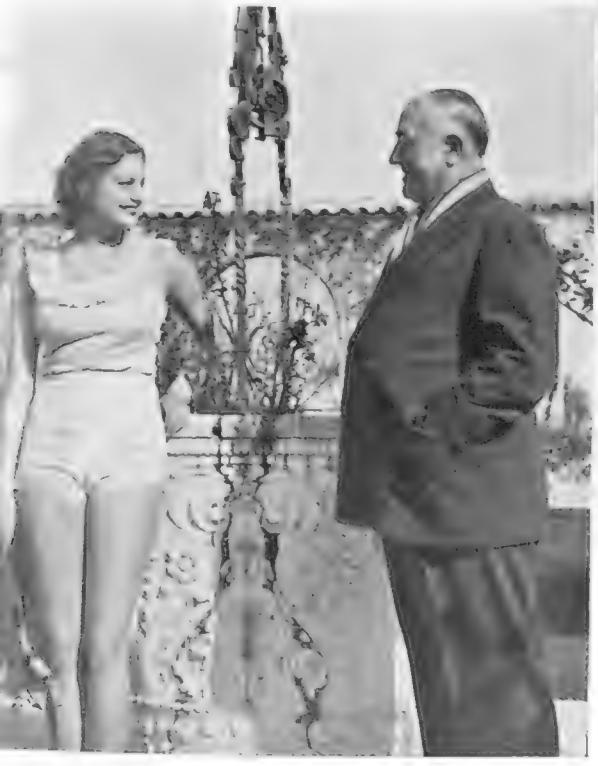
The Marchioness of Cholmondeley, picturesque, interesting sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, is a golfing regular at Mandelieu, as is her husband. They live at Le Roc, a very modern villa which was lent to the King, when Prince of Wales, in 1935. The Cholmondeleys attend all outdoor meets but no galas

The Prince of Nepal, an improving golfer, plays at Mandelieu every afternoon when he is at Cannes. His opponent is usually Mr. "Freddy" McEvoy, the Australian playboy who recently took up motor-racing with great success after being Great Britain's No. 1 bobsleigh steerer for several seasons

Those Riviera golf cups which are not won by Francis Francis go to M. Paul Dubonnet, a neat player who lowers his handicap every season. He and his wife stay mostly at the Carlton, where they play bridge at the Cercle Nautique

Riviera Regulars at their Favourite Resorts

Below: Mme. Paul Dubonnet takes a breather before lunch on the Carlton terrace in spectator tweeds and dark glasses. She makes a long stay at Cannes and begins golf lessons every year but, unlike her husband, is rather readily discouraged. Better at bridge and dancing



Above: Baroness Orczy, who has been a "best-seller" for years and is now a "best-film-rights-seller," has a pink villa behind the Hermitage, a husband—Mr. Montagu Barstow—and hosts of friends. She occasionally enjoys a dance at the Sporting Club, but more often entertains at home; she writes four hours even on sunny days

Left: Mr. Reginald ("Pops") Purbrick, M.P., has rented Château de la Garoupe from Lady Norman until Whitsun, so his house-parties will be a feature of this winter. The lovely in the picture was Elizabeth Jenns and is now Mrs. Harry Crocker, wife of Hearst's Californian socialite secretary

Faute d' Azure

Riviera Impressions: by W. D. H. McCullough

(Author, with Fougasse, of "You Have Been Warned")

The Characters

THE Bishop who says the croquet is marvellous at Nice. The Brigadier-General who considers that Cannes is the most expensive place in Europe to catch your death of pneumonia. The fat lady who says the sun-bathing at Antibes is enchanting. The sentimental young thing who murmurs something about moonlight on the Mediterranean. The icy lady who remarks that the casinos swarm with dangerous men. The glamorous widow who just smiles. The golfer who says that the sixth hole at Montagel is the finest test of golf in Europe. The coincidence that he 's done it in one. The man from Oswaldtwistle who says that he always pays his expenses out of his winnings at the tables. The old lady who says there 's no place like Mentone. The superior person who says "I suppose you mean Menton." The youth who tells you that the South of France is the finest place in the world for motoring. The thought that your new bank manager has an understanding face. The decision to go—cost what it may—and does.

The Journey

THE choice between speed by aeroplane, certainty by train, and adventure by car. The selection of adventure. The grandeur of the new "G.B." number-plate. The sudden horror at the thought that England is almost the only country in the world in which cars keep to the proper side of the road.

The alarming moment when one's beloved car is yanked into the air and swung on board. The extraordinary boredom of the sailors living in the middle of such excitement. The relief when one's engine starts again on French soil. The blood-curdling thrill of passing one's first car on the wrong side. The incredible stretches of straight road. The feeling that one's car is much slower than usual. The awful boredom of driving dead straight for miles between rows of poplars. The ecstatic waving to the first car marked "G.B." The fact that it 's much easier to talk about driving right through in one go than driving right through in one go. The crawling into bed very late at night in Monte Carlo

"The fun at the Casino"

The Day

THE rather puzzling awakening in strange surroundings. The glorious sight of absolutely blue sea in quite impossibly bright sunshine. The startling suggestion of breakfasting on one's balcony. The tremendous preparations for an outdoor breakfast—the delicious discovery that they are really not necessary. The pleasure of selecting a brightly-coloured tie on a fine morning. The astonishing way in which the hotel people provide one with a sensation of importance. The commissionaire who knows a gentleman when he sees one. The stroll in view of the sea. The first apéritif—the suggestion that one should have a second. The growing approval of the civilisation of Europe. The vehement support of the cause of gracious living by the gentleman from Minneapolis who has just had his seventh apéritif. The impression that after about five minutes it is time to change for dinner.

The Night

THE haste lest one should miss the fun at the Casino—the suspicion on arriving rather early that one has. The feeling that one had better just watch the first night. The lack of any signs of excitement. The bored young man who is losing steadily on number 8. The old lady who has a tremendously complicated system. The genial and slightly intoxicated gentleman who quite obviously has not. The brisk young man in the corner who is making a packet on the two-to-one sectors. The idea that it would be rather jolly to follow his lead. The disappointing little pile of counters one gets in exchange for what looked like quite a lot of money.

The ecstasy of winning at the first attempt—the magnificence of winning three times running—the knowledge that one has a flair for this kind of thing—the rather bigger stakes—the absolutely hellish dexterity with which the croupier sweeps them away. The sudden appreciation of the awful wickedness of gambling. The rather subdued walk towards the hotel. The breath-taking beauty of the moon over the Bay. The splendour of the discovery that the Hall Porter still thinks one is of incomparable importance.

"The first apéritif—the suggestion that one should have a second"

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Mediterranean Morning

Baron

Grisha Goluboff—Fourteen-Year-Old Violinist

Grisha Goluboff made his London début on a Sunday afternoon a week or two back, playing Mozart's G major violin concerto with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra at Covent Garden, and since then has given a recital at the Queen's Hall. He was quite warmly praised by the critics for his technical accomplishment and the purity of his tone. His violin, incidentally, is a Stradivarius given him by Henry Ford after a recital, and insured for £30,000. Goluboff is Russian-American, played at the age of seven with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, appeared at a special concert at Chicago's Soldiers' Field where the audience numbered 140,000, has played with most important orchestras in Europe. He is a quiet and modest boy, divides his interest, after music, between miniature cameras and model yachts

Anthony

Robert Harris Plays Keats in New York

He sailed last Saturday week for his third visit to the U.S.A., where he is to take the part of Keats in a play called *Aged 26* (an age Keats never reached). Crawford Flexner is the author's name and Richard Aldrich is staging it. It 's a part that ought to suit Harris well with his flair for verse-speaking (the B.B.C. consider him one of their best readers) and his singular combination of lovely elocution with natural style acting. No one can deny him these who saw him in the Vic-Wells company, 1931-32, as Lord Oxford in *Richard of Bordeaux*, as Tritton in the phenomenal long run of *The Wind and the Rain* ('33-'35), as Edna Best's opposite in Bernstein's *Promise* this year. He has been on the stage thirteen years; at the age of twenty-three, after a Sherborne and New College education, he walked off with the Reandean Scholarship while at the R.A.D.A. Now he is thirty-six and had taken over, in November, Roger Livesey's part in *Storm in a Teacup* when the New York offer came along

London Faces

Three of the Young-Marrieds

Below: Mrs. Charles Sweeny

Lady Mary Herbert is the
Major John Herbert in
husband have a house ca
Monmouth, for which Ma
there two years ago. The
Herbert's younger sister, La

On the left is a new p
chairman of an appeal fo
the Blind, of which the Qu
manship; she will probably
husband have a most a
his parents, Mr. and Mr

e Lady Mary Herbert

arl and Countess of Ilchester's elder daughter, married d and has one son of two years old. She and her Llanover, near Abergavenny, and not so far from Herbert has been M.P. since the summer by-election London house is in Montagu Square. Lady Mary Mabel Fox-Strangways, was a debutante of last season

are of Mrs. Charles Sweeny who has just become he London Society for the Teaching and Training of is patron. It is Mrs. Sweeny's first charity chair- ve a premiere to organise in the New Year. She and her ctive house in Sussex Place, not very far from Robert Sweeny's new house in Cumberland Place

The Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard

Mrs. Greville Howard is the dark, good-looking wife of the Earl of Suffolk's youngest brother. Before her marriage a year or so ago, she was Mrs. C. A. Murray; her maiden name was Diana Archer. She and her husband live in Knightsbridge. Greville Howard used to be in the Shropshire Light Infantry

The Sewing Class at the Wright-Dobie School

The opening scene of the play, with the two schoolmistresses standing at the back—Karen Wright (Ursula Jeans) and Martha Dobie (Valerie Taylor); Rosalie Wells (Pamela Standish) sitting in the centre, and Mary Tilford (Mavis Edwards) on the right

The Elocution

Peggy Rogers (Audrey Orme) listens to speech "with pity." Vera Hurst plays the giving an extremely clever performance of

"The Children's Hour"

Lillian Hellman's Play at the Gate Theatre

The Children's Hour is one of those rare productions to see which is rather an experience than an entertainment. The reactions to the play of any member of the audience might reveal to an acute observer whether that person habitually faced or ran away from life. Lillian Hellman's three themes—the child with an abnormal passion for power, the implacable revenge of the world on the victims of gossip, and the personal problems of the two women—are interwoven into an intensely dramatic, deeply-moving piece, relentless in its development to the bleak, tragic end. The cast at the Gate Theatre could not be better; the acting is of the highest quality, and each one of Lillian Hellman's brilliantly-drawn characters is presented in a complete, strongly convincing portrait. Norman Marshall and Reginald Beckwith are the producers. The play, which ran for months in New York, has been banned for public performance in England.

"We heard things, funny things, and I've got to whisper it, grandma"

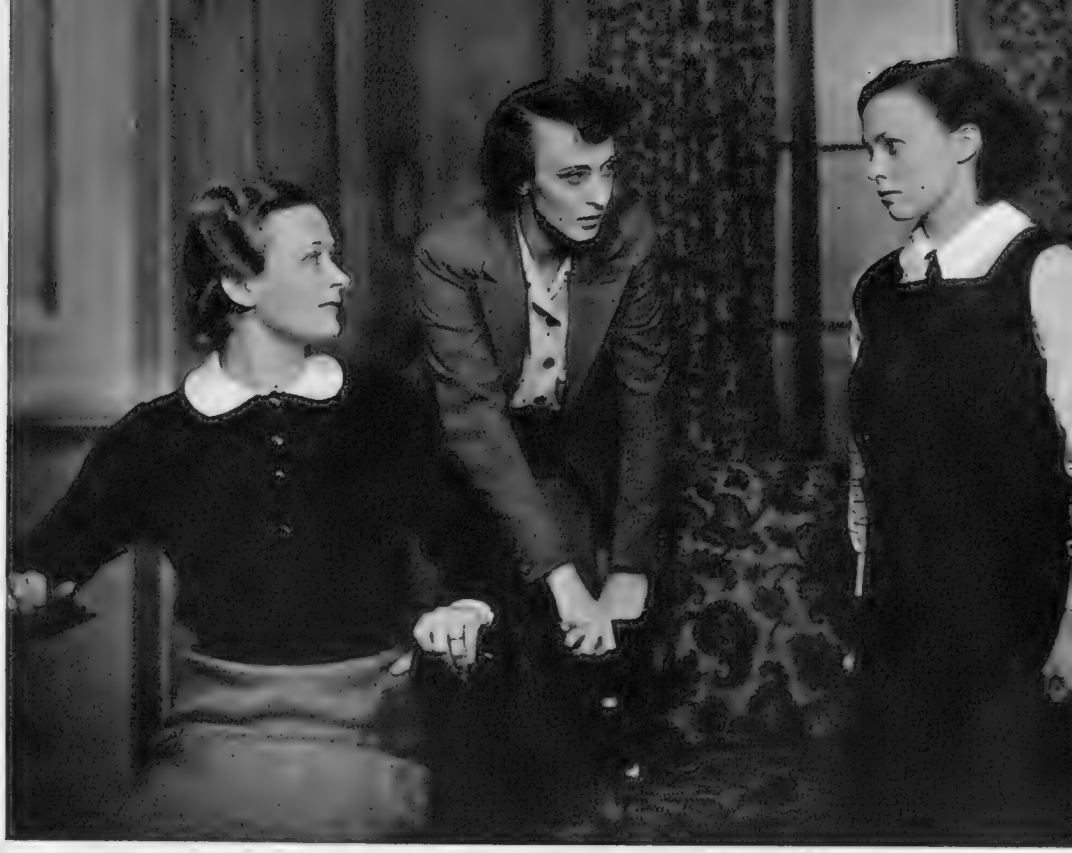
Mary (Mavis Edwards) tells her terrible mixture of lies and gossip to her grandmother, Mrs. Tilford (Mary Merrall)

Right: "What noises were they? Why did they frighten you"

Dr. Joseph Cardin (Leo Genn) makes a last effort to clear Karen, his fiancée, and Martha, by cross-examining Mary

Lesson

Mrs. Mortar's declamation of Portia's spiteful, silly aunt of Martha Dobie, a tragically comically unpleasant woman



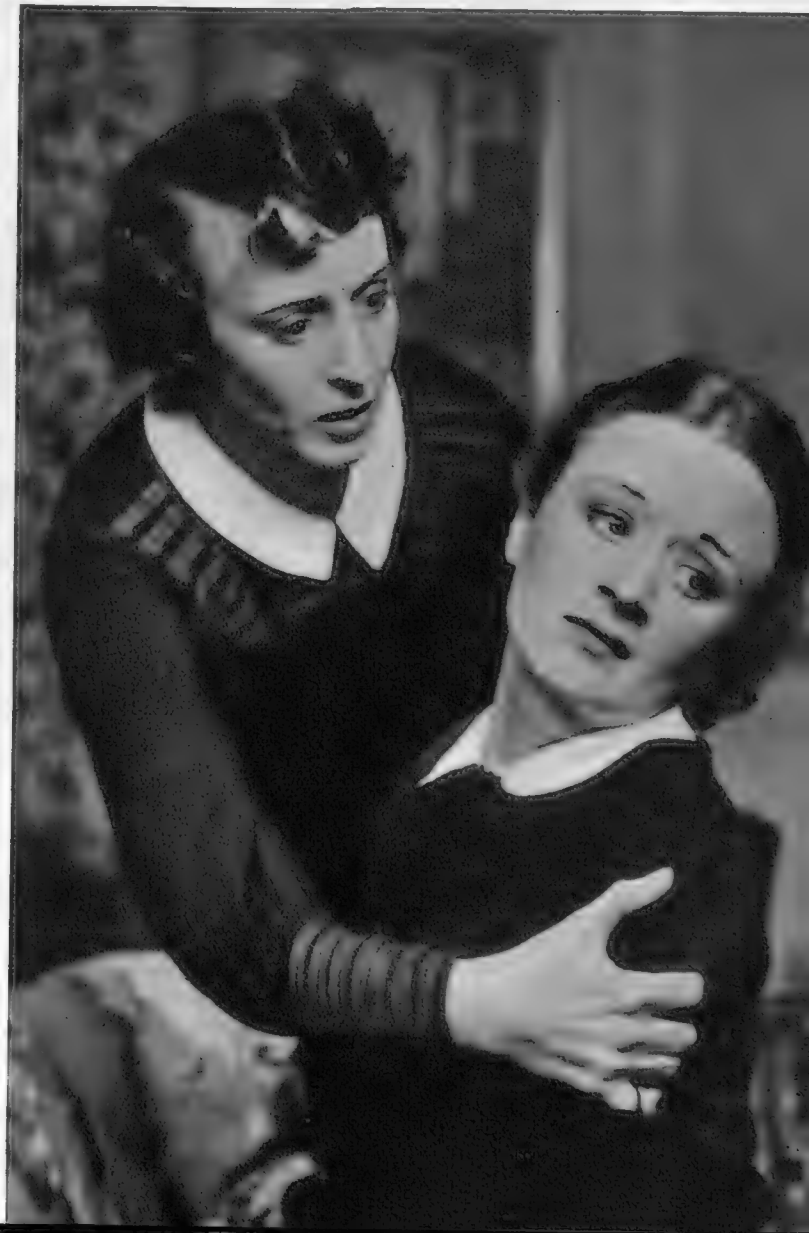
"I'll tell my grandmother, I'll tell her how everybody hates me here"

The two schoolmistresses make a baffled effort to deal with their queer, difficult pupil

Photographs by John Everard

Right: "Why didn't you tell him it wasn't true"

Martha and Karen are left to face the wreckage of their lives



Viscount Glenapp, the Earl of Inchcape's heir, was keeper of the Oppidan wall in the mud-lark that Etonians call the Wall Game, and his only sister, Lady Patricia Mackay, went to watch

Steeplechasing Starts at Lingfield Park

Mr. Thomas Dundas fancied check and Mrs. Gerald Williams fancied herringbone for overcoat wear at Lingfield. He is Sir Philip Dundas's younger brother, owns Culpeper House, a Sussex show place. Mrs. Williams hunts with the Eridge

Sir Keith Fraser was at Lingfield with his wife, who was Señorita Blanca de Undurraga y Sandiford before her marriage two years ago. She is off to New York this month; returns to travel to St. Moritz with him for winter sports

Left: Lord and Lady Plunket (he is an Old Wellingtonian) were shown round by their elder son Patrick on St. Andrew's Day and watched Oppidans win the Wall Game by six shies to nothing

Out of Doors

Watching Horses and Collegers and Oppidans

Left: St. Andrew's Day at Eton

Sixteen-year-old Viscount Ednam is an Etonian, like his father, the Earl of Dudley; he walked from the Wall with American Mrs. Erskine Gwynne and his youngest sister, Lady Patricia Ward

Mr. and Mrs. Assheton Curzon-Howe, both looking very smart in a neat way, were at Lingfield 'chases. He is the late Admiral Curzon-Howe's younger son and is a Gunner. They have a small daughter, Marigold Mary

Watching the Rake: A Monte Carlo Impression by Clark Fay

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Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BEFORE the Commission on Coronation Privileges, Mr. F. S. Dymoke the other day claimed his family right to bear the Standard of England as King's Champion, by virtue of the tenure of the Manor of Scrivelsby. The Lord Chief Justice ruled that the matter was not one for the Court, and no order was made. Perhaps if Mr. Dymoke had claimed the King's Champion's former right of riding into Westminster Hall in full armour and challenging to mortal combat anybody denying the King's right to the throne, they would have done something about it. Could anything be more picturesque?

We haven't yet noticed any claim by the Poet Laureate to carry or hold anything. Perhaps Mr. Masefield remembers the case of Nahum Tate, a previous Laureate, who kept fussing and nagging the officials about carrying something at Queen Anne's Coronation. At length somebody remarked suddenly: "Hoy! That reminds me — he's a poet!" "Damme," said another, "isn't he Laureate?" Mr. Tate tried to slip out quietly, but they caught him and said: "Never you mind about carrying things — you produce a thumping big damned good Ode on the Coronation, or you're for it!" At this Mr. Tate began to moan and whimper, and asked if a hymn wouldn't do instead, because he was pretty good at hymns. "Hymns my wig!" said the Lord Chancellor, glaring horribly. "OUT!"

So poor Mr. Tate had to sit down and produce a huge, thick, long, brown, official Ode, terribly bad, and after that resumed his moody fuddling; for his two hobbies were hymns and hops. He was very beset with creditors also, poor heart, and died hiding from them.

Snack

THE most exciting thing (in a social sense) that has happened to Westminster Abbey since the Benedictines who founded it were expelled in Abbot Fakenham's time, seems to happen next year, when it will become a sandwich buffet for ravening Peeresses.

We draw our information from Caroline Cambridge, social gossip of the *Express*, in constant touch with the Beau Monde:

"I hear no one will be able to leave the Abbey until after two o'clock, and that . . . one can eat discreetly during the long six-hours' wait.

"What would you suggest? Paper packets of sandwiches would make an awful lot of noise!"

At Queen Victoria's Coronation, if we're not mistaken, the Abbey sacristies were turned into a buffet, and the long tables, with powdered flunkeys in attendance, were presumably dotted with those colossal silver épergnes our great- and great-great-grandfathers loved. Journals of the period, dilating on the number of swooning hungry peeresses who had to be revived with ratafia and burnt feathers before getting at the refreshments, don't seem to take into account the influence of these bloated, orgulous, straddling table-ornaments on an empty stomach. Take it from us (having seen one at close quarters in our infancy and never forgotten it) that the Early Victorian épergne was as great a blow to the sensitive, in its way, as the most hideous eighteenth-century monument in the Abbey, including Roubilliac's Grand Guignol group of Death striking down a Mrs. Nightingale, which you ought to see some time.

There will be no buffet next year, apparently. Why La Belle Caroline shrinks from paper packets of sandwiches we cannot conceive. Why not oranges as well? And peanuts? And if Rawson forgets to pack the cocktails, couldn't the Dean and Chapter fix up a temporary bar in one of those empty side-chapels?

Fumblers' Hey

SIR ASSHETON POWNALL's new Taxi-cab Bill, just printed, seeks, among other things—this 'll probably make you whistle—to make it no longer illegal to share a taxi fare.

You never knew it was illegal, perhaps? You've never come across a taxi-driver who has sternly refused his money, plus tip, on the grounds that his two "insides" were amicably splitting the fare in defiance of the Law? Evidently you belong to the same class of taxi-users as we do. Two classes of people habitually ride in taxis, the Fumbler and the Fool. The Fool, always nearest the door, tumbles out first and pays all. The Fumbler meanwhile lounges at the Fool's elbow, busily jingling his keys. If decently brought up a Fumbler may make some cynical pretence of searching his pockets for a contribution, too late. The percentage of decently-brought-up

"Bless his heart! He's the very spit of his old dad"

Fumblers in London is about 3·25. It 's useless for a Fool to try and graduate into the Fumbler class. You 're either born a Fumbler or you aren't.

Real-Life-Drama Dept.

APROPOS, we remember the experience of a poor friend of ours who once shared a taxi with the rich—one of those Moguls who can sign a cheque at any given moment for £500,000 but never carry any change.

Our poor friend, who had business to discuss, had to share a cab with him after luncheon, all five Rolls-Royces being in use by the Mogul's harem. Three hall-porters and two secretaries having found a taxi, the Mogul suddenly changed his mind near Pall Mall, and ordered the driver to go back to the City, where he had to see a financier for five minutes. After keeping the taxi in the City an hour, he emerged, and they drove West to the Mogul's house, the clock marking a final total of 15s. 9d. Our friend tumbled out first, as usual, and made a feeble, pathetic stab at being a Fumbler; during which process the Mogul forged briskly past him, barking "Sorry! No change!" and vanished into his house, the door being then firmly closed. Ringing a few moments later, our friend was informed that his Lordship was engaged for the afternoon, and must not be disturbed. Our friend then retired, pensive.

It 's only fair to add that two days later his Lordship apologised briefly for this mishap, and asked our friend to lunch again. But the poor fellow was compelled to refuse that honour, explaining to us that being the guest of the rich is too damned expensive for an ordinary citizen. We should have added that the bill for the previous luncheon was also paid by him, his Lordship having been called away for a moment by a financial friend.

So hey! ho! the holly. (*Shakespeare*)

Oasis

IN suggesting the establishment of a National Park in the Vale of Neath, South Wales, the Commissioner of Special Areas has had a happy thought. Cheek by jowl with every kind of industrial foulness, the Vale is a place of extreme beauty. Almost every square inch of waterfall, gorge, cavern, woodland, moorland, and hill it holds is packed with folklore and fairies. It even has what the Office of Works recognises officially as an Abbey—the picturesque ruins of one of the great noble houses from which the Cistercians civilised the hairy and passionate Welch. But that was a long time ago.

There 's a secret cavern in the Vale called Craig y Ddinas, in which King Arthur sleeps with all his knights, awaiting the call from his countrymen to deliver them. This sleep has already lasted a long time, and now Mr. Lloyd George has permanently moved to Surrey, in his fervent Celtic way, there seems nothing much to wake them for, unless some day the Welch want to be delivered at last from their terrible Eisteddfod. It would be a pretty dirty trick on the part of the fairies if the Welch did go and wake King Arthur up and he turned out to be Caradoc Evans. That 's the sort of trick the malicious Little People (who still haunt the Vale of Neath on fine moonlight nights) are rather keen on, they say. Mr. Evans would have a few well-chosen things to say as well, we bet

Nervestorm

SPEAKING recently at a meeting of the Baulkhamshire (Queensland) Council, Councillor Crawford was in favour of doing away with all those ravishing girls on the posters. He said they 're distracting to motorists and the cause of accidents. This throws a pretty attractive glow on the sex-life of Australian motorists. No doubt all that cricket, combined with the pernicious national habit of drinking stewed tea with meat all day long, unsettles their nerves. They suddenly see a poster of a girl eating Somebody's Jam in a swimming suit, simply loving it and grinning with joy like a hyæna, and whoops! there they are, skidding all over the road.

In the Motherland we 're a bit tougher perhaps. The vogue of the half-naked poster-beauty grinning with delight over practically everything—not only patent foodstuffs and medicinal preparations for combating the deleterious results of the same—has been so terribly overdone that we doubt if even aged members of the Athenæum give them more than a passing glance. Such a continuous pageant of pulchritude cloys. Pierre Loüys or somebody calculated that in an average feminine mob of any nationality a beauty-percentage of 5 is about all that it is reasonable to expect. (Oxford Street, afternoons, about 2 per cent.) Isn't it therefore rather silly of the ad. boys not to give the potential sales-conscious majority a show?

What we mean is, we 'd like to see a sudden apotheosis of the Plain Poster Girl, eating a spoonful of Muggo or swallowing a glassful of Ziggo and looking none too pleased about it; rather grumpy, in fact, like the actual consumer.

"I shouldn't touch that cat. You don't know where it 's been"

"My dear Ethel, you'll really have to give up this slumming"

Those violent blues and golds and over-emphatic reds and sunshine effects would give place to an even, drabbish background of quiet browns and grays and wettish slatey-purples, like a fine Thursday afternoon in Manchester. Not only would this change demonstrate that Truth in Advertising the boys are always chattering about at their trade luncheons, but the weary eye of the traveller would be greatly rested.

Querida

"I COULD see her eyes flash as she galloped past with drawn sword," writes one of the correspondent boys in Madrid, his honest face aglow with admiration, referring to a Red military display in which a stout girl of the Cordoba contingent took part. We read his account three times very carefully, hoping the girl had galloped past him on foot. But no, she was on a horse. It 's rather a pity.

You ask what difference it makes? This much—that whereas we 're now only fairly certain this girl was with us at Roedean, in the other case we 'd have been absolutely and finally certain. Mabel Porchester, that 's the name. She was Captain of Hockey in our time —a tremendous girl. Her baritone roar of "Sticks!" put the wind up even the Old Cheltonians, all big girls and fully muscled. Galloping down the field one day with flashing eyes she unnerved even Mr. J. J. H. F. Cooke-Cooke, of the All-England Hockey Board, who was out picking six-foot British hockey girls to terrify the civilised world. Mabel was just the girl to offer her services to the Reds in Spain and to gallop about waving a sword.

It must be Señorita Porchester. We 're more and more certain. She always said hockey didn't give a chap enough scope. The Reds probably call her La Querida Inflada ("the Great Big Sweetheart"), or alternatively La Meteorilla ("the Little Ball of Fire"). And more and more we feel that her Fleet Street admirer slipped up when he described her as being on a horse. Barring the Percheron or the Shire, neither of which exist in Spain, there isn't a breed of horse that could carry that baby.

Fragrant Moment

YOU 'LL probably never believe it, but somebody sent us a rose last week. Just a shy, single, exquisite tea-rose. It came in an oblong gilt-paper box with a gay-coloured label, and it 's about the sincerest tribute we 've had since Frances Day wired us good wishes some time ago, asking us to be sure not to come aboard her yacht at any time.

And what if this rose *did* come from a Regent Street florist who says it 's common knowledge that we belong to the discriminating flower-loving public, and will we call some time? Doesn't this very fact dispose at once of the persistent story that we go about being wilfully harsh to flowers just to hurt Beverley Nichols? We 've been too proud to nail this lie, but our tea-rose knows. We 've been whispering to it all our hopes and fears, asking it if its heart ached, if it loved us, and what it thought about some of our friends. At the name of Alan Thomas it blushed with sudden passion, a deep, velvety red, and has remained that colour ever since, having therefore to be rechristened "Rev. Elijah Doggins," the name of that particular dark-red type, fruity, but not too rich, of pleasing bouquet and good body. (It needed a couple of aspirins in its water, too.)

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Who shouted whoa?"

Films of the Day

Celestial Cavalcade : By George Campbell

Do not, I beg of you, miss *The Green Pastures*. Some seem to think it blasphemous. Perhaps the ferocious denunciations at the recent protest meeting would have been more impressive if the speakers had first seen the picture ; but I can understand literal-minded people seeing the production with misgivings. If you have assumed all your life that the phrase " made in His own image " means that the Almighty is the dead spit and image of an Old Etonian, it must be highly disconcerting to see him depicted as a gentleman of colour, surrounded by a heavenly company of nigger minstrels and coal-black mammies. As one who sees no connection between Godliness and pigment, I cannot work up any indignation myself over this or any other aspect of the picture ; but if you feel differently, I shall try to respect your opinion.

The good Marxist would, I suppose, see in *The Green Pastures* a proof that religion is what Marx always said it was—opium for the people, dispensed by the rich and powerful to keep the poor quiet. Others will find the very essence of Christianity. Here, in spirit, whatever his idiom or colour, is the God of the New Testament—full of loving-kindness, infinitely merciful to His erring children. A charming old gentleman is " de Lawd," impressive in his simple dignity, but never pompous, not perhaps very quick in the uptake, often as puzzled by the behaviour of his people as they are by him. Absorbed in his other worries, he forgets about the human race for a century or two at a stretch, and is then horrified and hurt to find if has been misbehaving. At first he tries good advice, as when he finds Cain has killed Abel. Cain is a passionate, excitable fellow, quick to resent ridicule : Abel according to his brother's account an irritating wisecracker :

" Lawd, I was min'in' my own business and he come monkeyin' aroun' wit' me. I was wukkin' in de fiel' an' he was sittin' in de shade of de tree. He say ' Me, I 'd be skeered to git out in did hot sun. I be 'fraid my brains git cooked. Co'se you ain't got no brains so you ain't in no danger.' An' so I up and flang de rock. If it miss 'im all right, an' if it hit 'im all right. Dat 's de way I feel."

" You 'd better git, an' raise some children," advises de Lawd, without settling those old doubts of our childhood as to where Cain's wife was to come from. " Dey ain' nothin' to make a man forgit his troubles like raisin' a family."

Cain hikes and hikes until he meets a girl —" as large as Cain, wickedly pretty, and somewhat flashily dressed." De Lawd watches them go off down the road, shaking his head and murmuring : " Bad business. I don' like de way things is goin' atall."

And so, through the centuries, the celestial cavalcade goes by. We see de Lawd more and more worried and at last angered. Cain's descendant, a flashy small-town gangster, with straw hat and waisted coat, revolver and ready knife, kills a rival for his girl ; de Lawd is mocked ; in the whole valley only Noah and his family are decent-living citizens.

" When I was a little boy dey used to build boats down near de ribber, where de water was," jibes a wag ; and there is derisive laughter at Noah's expense. " Dis time it 's been arranged to have de water come up to de boat," retorts the old man, going on with his preparations unmoved.

Every now and then we switch back to Heaven and see the Big Boss in his office, with Gabriel taking orders, longingly fingering his trumpet and waiting for a chance to let go a few thunderbolts. " Thunderbolts don't do de trick," says de Lawd, looking down anxiously at sinning humanity. " Put em back in de box. I 'm goin' down myself. I need a little holiday."

" Might do you good, Lawd," agrees Gabriel—a bit of a yes-man.

De Lawd takes his hat and stick from the hat rack. " Well, take keer of yourself. I 'll be back Saddy."

You might assume, from these quotations that *The Green Pastures* is mainly comedy. In a sense it is. But there are scenes of exquisite tenderness and haunting pathos ; and even the comedy passages are played always with an underlying assumption that though de Lawd is easygoing up to a point, he will stand no nonsense, and is terrible when roused to righteous anger.

I should like to say much more about this strange, enchanting picture—its high literary quality, the magnificence of Rex Ingram's acting in the three rôles of de Lawd, Adam, and Hesdrel, the skill of the direction. I will simply say again that you must see it, and enjoy its unique flavour for yourself.

Of the other new pictures, the best is *Come and Get It*, a fine, lusty adaptation of Edna Ferber's novel of the lumber king who heartlessly deserts a dance-hall girl at the dictates of ambition in his youth, and is humiliated at the hands of her daughter in middle age. Edward Arnold plays the millionaire with tremendous zest, as always, and Frances Farmer is charming as the girl. But Howard Hawks, who made the terrific early sequences, walks away with the picture.

" Come and Get It "

A fine film has been made of Edna Ferber's novel of the American forests and the fortunes made from their destruction. Edward Arnold plays the hero, Barney Glasgow, a lumberjack who became a lumber-king, and Frances Farmer is first the woman he loved and left for a rich wife, and then her daughter, with whom as an ageing man Barney fell in love. Howard Hawks and William Wyler directed. The film is at the London Pavilion

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

THERE was one topic of conversation last week, and one only—a subject that has dominated a good many conversations among all sorts of people for a good many months. On Thursday rumours flew, evening newspapers sold like hot cakes from mid-day on, everyone asked: "What now?" and everyone had a set of "alternatives" to quote in answer. On Friday we realised we 'd know nothing definite before the week-end and we heroically determined to talk about something else.

The Lost Stars

WE have never felt more sorry for two people than for Lady Plunket and Walter Crisham, who out of the goodness of their hearts had consented to give an exhibition dance at the Graphic Arts Ball at the Dorchester the other night.

Somebody made a muddle, and the two star dancers were "mislaid" until Jack Jackson's band, with whom they had rehearsed, had gone back to their usual cabaret, and were tied up for an hour.

Meanwhile, Lady Plunket and her partner had already been waiting dressed and ready in their dressing-rooms.

It was particularly disappointing, as many people, including ourselves, had gone especially to see this turn alone.

Lady Plunket, who is a marvellously graceful and expert dancer, was wearing a divine dress of sparkling black sequins and pleated chiffon, with tufts of black ospreys on her shoulders, and it was extremely regrettable that through some quite stupid muddle the audience were deprived of the pleasure of seeing an extraordinarily good turn.

Celebration Parties

THE much be-paragraphed and be-photographed couple, the Duke of Norfolk and his fiancée, were out and about a good deal last week. Lord Belper, the father of the bride-to-be, gave a large dinner-party at the Ritz to celebrate the engagement on Wednesday night; we liked Miss Strutt's very simple, high-necked, long-sleeved dinner-dress of dark taffetas.

Another day the young couple were lunching at Quaglino's with Lord Rosebery (her step-father), and we were amused at the alacrity with which the usual newshound photographer appeared from nowhere in no time. The hero and heroine of the most important romance of the moment obligingly allowed their photographs to be taken, and the astute camera-man departed with his "bag."

The Importance of "Nannie"

You remember that song, "Other People's Babies," that was sung in a Cochran revue some years ago? We thought of it the other night when the subject of the perfect "Nannie" was being discussed.

Beloved and revered Nannies stay on in the families to which they become so much attached, and you will hear the most sophisticated young man refuse any invitation if his one-time nurse is coming up for the day, or happens to have a date with him.

The Joel family, which consisted of five sons and two daughters until Jack died in the war, were devoted to their South African nurse who brought them up. This particular Nannie was very, very dark, and one night she was given a seat in the front row of the dress-circle, while her grown-up charges were in a box. They knew where she ought to be sitting, and when the first act was half through, Nannie had still not arrived. Their concern turned to relief when they realised that what they mistook in the darkened theatre for a gap in the front row was really Nannie all the time.

Your Favourite Newspapers

NANNIE THORPE, who rules the household of Vaynol, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith's home in Wales, is a very important person, and the perfect Nannie in retirement who never retires.

It is when you stay at Vaynol for the second time that you realise how the wheels of that large household are kept oiled by Nannie.

You get the newspapers with your breakfast-tray that you asked for when you were there last year, your housemaid

Lord Ronaldshay and Miss Penelope Pike

The Earl of Ronaldshay, Lord and Lady Zetland's heir, married Penelope Pike at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; the Duke of Kent sent them a wedding present. The bride is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. Ebenezer Pike, of Ditcham Park, Petersfield, Hampshire

Lt.-Comdr. Edmonstone and the Hon. Alicia Browne

Another couple to whom the Duke of Kent sent a wedding present was Lt.-Comdr. Edward Edmonstone, Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone's younger son, and Alicia Browne, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Kilmaine. They, too, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Going Out to Goings-On

(Continued from page 413)

may be different but she has been told that you do or you don't care for sunlight when you are first called, and that you feel the cold and like two hot-water bottles and ten blankets on your bed.

Remembered Weaknesses

HOUSEKEEPERS or Nannies, which is often the same thing, must keep a "reminder" book in large households, which would make interesting reading.

We have heard of girls in dress shops who make copious notes about their most valued customers, such as "Deaf, likes red," so that when the client appears after a long time, she is flattered that her preferences are remembered.

Snap View

AFTER a turbulent night crossing from Ireland, Lady Warrender was seen walking energetically along Davies Street, looking like a tall schoolgirl in a simple dark-blue overcoat and beret. Her fluffy grey poodle has elementary ideas as to following, and was causing her a certain amount of anxiety.

The Warrenders and their schoolboy sons are arranging to spend a family Christmas at St. Moritz.

Many Mink Mantles

FULL marks to Mrs. Fishburn for the ultra-simplicity of her going-away outfit. Her green suède sports coat and skull cap were charming, and could not have been more becoming.

The Fishburns sailed for America on the Normandie on Wednesday last, and are going on to Honolulu and Australia.

We liked the bridesmaids' dresses a lot, too. They were made of heavy white stuff, draped and gathered rather in the manner of our most up-to-date curtains.

Irene Mann-Thomson was a bridesmaid, and looked quite lovely with her straight, fair hair and amazingly fair skin.

Mrs. Harriman, that silver-haired American, stood out in a well-dressed crowd of guests. She wore dead black, dress, hat, coat and furs, and made one wonder why so many women find a touch of colour at all necessary.

Mink coats were much in evidence. We counted ten in one corner of the room alone! Wearers of same included Mrs. Gulbenkian, Lady Terrington, Mrs. Bobby Hartman and Mrs. Johnson.

Supper in a Shop

PEOPLE were busy making dates to meet later that night at the Grosvenor Street party at which all Mayfair celebrated the opening of a new shop.

At this party an hour or two later, where 1500 oysters were eaten, and dozens of cases of champagne bottles emptied, Mrs. Goldman of Cannes, Paris and London, was one of the best-dressed and best-looking women present. She is tall and blonde, and wore ink-blue satin and a short ermine coat.

Lady Brecknock, who arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis, had that curly-haired, natural-complexioned look so rarely seen at London parties.

A Slim Countess

THE Milford Havens and Bectives watched the cabaret, which, of course, included Garland Wilson as a star turn. No party is complete without him this season, and now the County are clamouring for him for various hunt balls.

Lord and Lady Northesk emerged from Shurlock Row for just one night out. She is amazingly slim, and wore a lovely dress of parma violet chiffon.

Miss Taylor, the hostess of this party, very wisely spent £30 on drugget to cover her lovely new carpets for one evening. A crowd of about four hundred of the best-behaved people in the world can unwittingly do great harm in one evening, and she was taking no chances.

MISS PEEPS

Smoking the Black Weed

Flying the White Feather

Right, above: the Hon. Pamela Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's only sister, smoked a cigarillo while watching the opening of the "All Star" supper-time revue at Grosvenor House. Below: Miss Molly Sullivan wore fine feathers à la Life Guard at the Fishburn - Stephenson wedding

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Eskdale Fishburn and Miss V. M. Stephenson

John Eskdale Fishburn and "Bunting" Stephenson had a Brompton Oratory wedding last week with Irene Mann-Thomson, Patricia Clulow-Gray and Jasmine Bligh as bridesmaids. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Cecil Stephenson and Mrs. Stephenson, of 37, Sydney Street, S.W.

Mr. G. W. A. Tufton and Miss Mordaunt

George William Anthony Tufton, elder son of the late Hon. Charles Tufton and Mrs. Tufton, married Evelyn Margarette Mordaunt, at All Souls', Langham Place. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Mordaunt, of 23, Great Cumberland Place

No. 42. An entirely new idea, and a most fascinating gift. Beautiful white stand holding 6 Coty Perfumes, each with glass rod.

25/-

No. 34. Attractive cut crystal flacon of Perfume in dainty cream-and-gold box. Choice of 6 Perfumes.

18/6

A SUMA. A modern exotic evening Perfume. Cut crystal bottle on black ebony base, in lacquered casket.

21/-

Coty

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18/6

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 50

Joseph von Sternberg

JOSEPH VON STERNBERG walks like a cat, looks like a fallen archangel, wears Mongolian moustachios and black Chinese pyjamas, is never seen out of doors without a walking-stick, craves cornflowers, and always expects the head waiters to bring, unasked, seven iced black grapes when he enters a restaurant. He has wavy grey hair, steel-blue eyes, a horror of the cold, and a consequent love of the tropics. He talks epigrammatically, paints admirably, and has already sculptured his own tombstone—a brooding, monkish figure holding its head with one hand. The only things he has not yet done are to write his own epitaph or to direct Charles Laughton. And he is beginning on the latter early in the New Year.

Mr. von Sternberg lives at the Splendide, resents being put under the slightest obligation by strangers, always refers to Marlene Dietrich as "Miss Dietrich," visits lunatic asylums wherever he can find them, and has built himself an all-steel house in the San Fernando Valley. Here he has a valuable collection of portraits by Utrillo, as well as by Van Gogh, Picasso, Modigliani, and most of the other leading modern painters.

BORN in Vienna of Polish and Hungarian parents forty-two years ago, he emigrated to the United States at the age of seven. Always possessed with a leaning towards chemistry, he found himself in the film industry on the laboratory side. Soon he became a film patcher, and finally was put in charge of the camera department. To-day, he is the only director who has a union card as a camera-man. Not only that, he cuts and edits his own films. It was he who discovered Miss Dietrich, took her to America, directed her first six pictures, and earned the title of "Marlene's Svengali." He also gave their first real chance to Evelyn Brent, Herbert Marshall, Warner Oland, Gary Cooper, William Powell, George Bancroft, Victor McLaglen, Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, and Cesare Romero. *I Claudius* will not be the first English picture with which he will have been associated. Fourteen years ago he was an assistant director at Twickenham, with the Alliance Film Company. Previously, during the war, he had been appointed motion-picture expert to the American G.H.Q., and taught them bayonet fighting on the screen. The picture that made him famous was the *Salvation Hunters*—and was incidentally the only one of his own he ever saw with an audience—which laughed.

Joseph von Sternberg is ultra-sensitive to noise (he once told Miss Dietrich to stop her teeth chattering), secretive, cynical, and certain of himself. He says truthfully that he is neither morbid, sinister, nor particularly decadent. He is merely a realist. He thinks deeply, never evades issues, and enjoys trying to disconcert you. Quite incidentally, he is the greatest living director.

Charles Graves

AN APOLOGY

MR. "EDDIE" TATHAM

Our attention has been drawn on behalf of Mr. Edward Tatham to an article by Mr. Charles Graves on Mr. "Jim" Lawrence, which appeared on this page in our issue of November 18th. It has been pointed out to us that the reference in that article to Mr. Tatham might be thought to cast a serious reflection upon him from a social and business point of view. We desire to say at once that we had no intention whatever of printing anything which might be held in any way to discredit Mr. Tatham, whose personality, both in the social and business worlds, is well-known to our readers. On behalf of ourselves and Mr. Graves we desire to express to him our unqualified regret for the pain and annoyance which have been unintentionally caused to him.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The University Golf Teams

Now, when the young gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge have returned to their homes to rest from the labours of last term and to spend Christmas in the bosoms of their families, is a suitable time to consider the merits of the two golf teams.

On the form shown to date it appears that the inter-Varsity match will be a certainty for Cambridge, but as there are very few certainties in the game of golf, and as the match is not played until March (at Princes, Sandwich), the result is by no means a foregone conclusion.

Cambridge has won all its matches with the exception of the match against the League on the course of the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Golf Club, near Mildenhall, and the match against Royston, which was halved at the score of six matches each. The League team versus Cambridge was extremely strong and experienced, and consequently a defeat by only four matches was a good performance; but only halving with the Royston team, which lacked the services of one of its star players, Bernard Darwin, who has led the team with distinction on numerous occasions in this match, was a disappointing performance.

The Royston match confirms what I wrote earlier in the year, when I mentioned that the strength of the Cambridge side was likely to lie in the middle and at the bottom, although many would imagine that it lies in the three good players at the top of the team—namely, Watermeyer, Langley, and the captain, Lucas. I shall be surprised if, on the day the match v. Oxford is played, these three players are still the best three players.

Oxford has not won a single match, its nearest approach to victory being to lead in the foursomes by 4 matches to 2 against a professional team led by Arthur Lacey in a match which was abandoned at lunch-time owing to very bad weather conditions; the professionals conceded a three-holes' start. Oxford also put up a good show against the League, losing by only four matches, but this League team had one or two cracks in its armour—a remark which certainly did not apply to the League team which played Cambridge.

Lucas has already asked J. D. A. Langley (Stowe and Trinity), T. S. Winton (Canford and Downing), S. Dalley (Hamilton, Ontario, and Emmanuel), and G. Dixon (Eton and Magdalene), to play against Oxford at Princes, and also has three old half Blues in Watermeyer, Carter and Goodban available, all of whom on present form appear certain to retain their places in the team, so it appears that only two places are free.

There is little doubt that A. S. Todd would have been asked to fill one of these places if he had not met with a tragic death in a motor accident. The Cambridge team will miss Todd sadly, both on the golf course and off it. Watermeyer was in the same accident, and it is not yet known how badly he is injured or how his injuries will affect his golf.

N. S. Mitchell-Innes, the Oxford captain, has asked C. O. I. Ramsden (New College) and J. C. Lawrie (Brasenose) to play against Cambridge, and has three old half Blues available—K. B. Scott, his secretary, W. I. E. Thorburn, and K. N. Fisher. Mitchell-Innes will have considerably more trouble than Lucas to select his final team, and even allowing for a general improvement all round I feel sure that he will not be able to produce a tail like Cambridge's.

A. H. Warren, an American, appears certain to get a place in the Oxford side. Warren is an experienced golfer whose driving and putting are most impressive and who is also full of confidence. One of his opponents informed me that he had never seen better driving than Warren's since he last saw Bobby Jones play. If Warren talks as much and as loudly when he plays against Cambridge as he did in his match against Count H. de Borchgrave at Worplesdon, he will without any doubt be asked politely to keep his mouth shut.

If you eliminate the chip shots and putting, Mitchell-Innes is the best striker of the golf ball on either side, and as he has already had a very easy victory against Cambridge there appears no reason why he should not again repeat his former successes next March, whoever he plays against. Scott won his single easily this year against the Cambridge captain, so he will also not lack confidence when he appears on the first tee at Princes. If these two win their matches—which they are quite likely to do—the match will not by any means be a walk over for Cambridge, and the Cambridge tail may have to work hard to retrieve the defeats of their "superiors."

Of the leaders of the two teams, Mitchell-Innes has the best record to date. He has won four of his seven matches and lost two. His two defeats were by no means poor performances. He lost to C. J. H. Tolley by 3 and 2 at Southfield and to Miss Enid Wilson, to whom he was conceding six strokes, by 3 and 2, at Wentworth. Lucas and Scott have won and lost the same number of matches, while Watermeyer and Langley have won four matches each and lost three. You will see from these results that the record of Mitchell-Innes is considerably better than that of any of the other leaders of either side.

K. N. Fisher

Fisher won the St. Andrew's golf cup last year and has been again chosen to play v. Cambridge at Princes, Sandwich. He is an Eton and Magdalen man

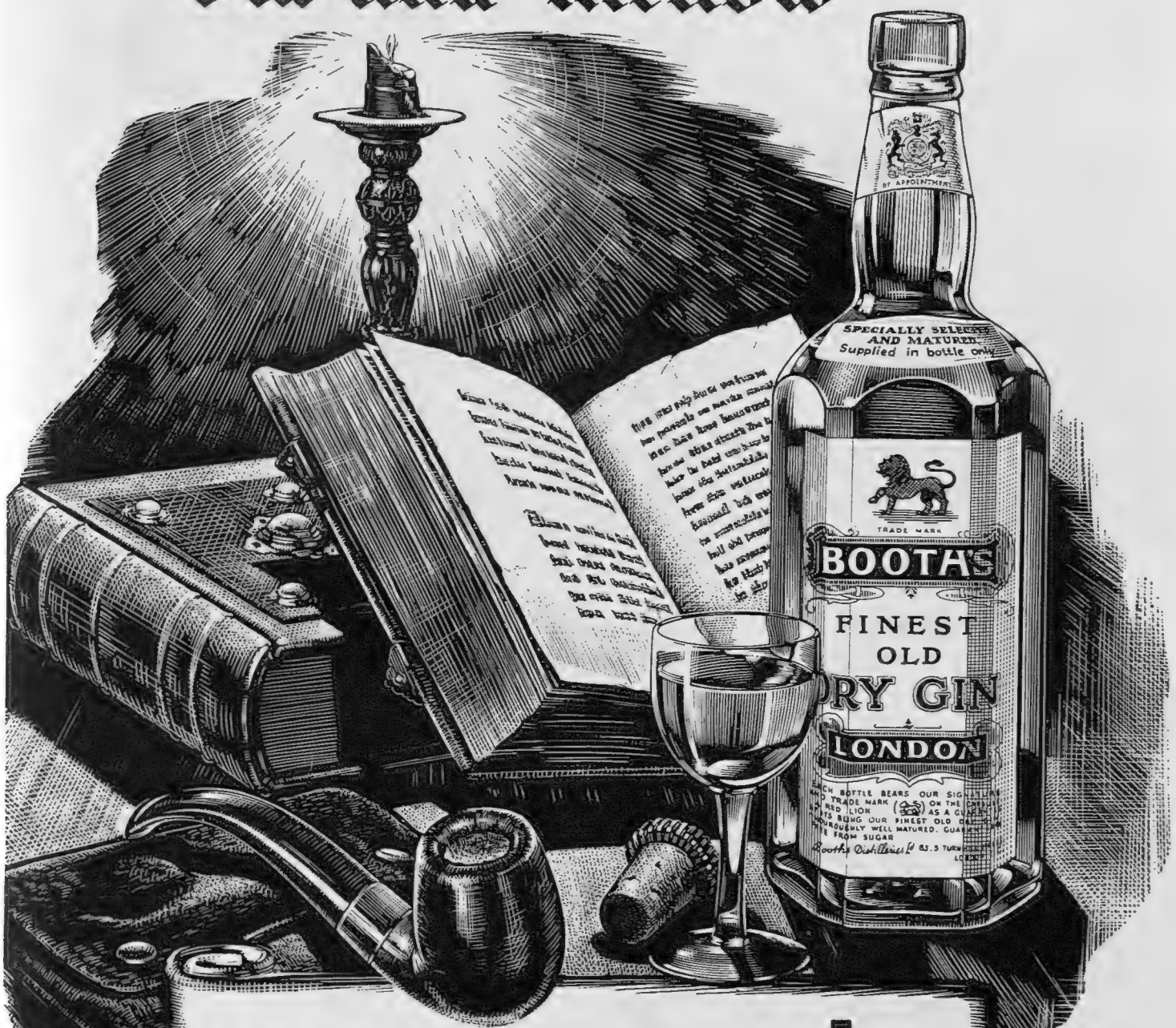
W. I. E. Thorburn

Thorburn (Winchester and Trinity) is 6 ft. 2 in., Oxford's tallest player. He is a '35 Blue and has been partnering Kenneth Scott and Michael Smuts this term

G. G. D. Carter

The Cambridge secretary, who is at Trinity, played top pair with Christian Watermeyer before the latter's accident. Last year he won his match against Oxford. He is a Stoic

Old and Mellow



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Dorland

Charity Not All at Home

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

At this time of year the golfing world goes all charitable and incidentally has the very best of fun in so doing. What, for example, could be more pleasant than to take the right party to the Golf Ball to-morrow night, the 10th, at Grosvenor House? The thing grows in importance and popularity every year, and is really amazingly good value at £1 1s. a ticket, to be had from Miss Diana Fishwick, Ebro, Knowle Hill, Wentworth, amongst other people. Side shows, dancing, prize-draws, and all the friends that it amuses one to see out of golfing clothes, make up a really good evening there, and if any excuse should be needed, it is, of course, that St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, is so well worth supporting in its extension scheme.

THAT is now an old-established fixture. A new one, not actually a charity show, but one which may bear considerable fruit in that direction, was the match between the Ladies and Jockeys at Romford. The present captain of that club is Mr. Robert Middlemas, who in 1935 set about sending East End children for a day's outing in the country, in buses dubbed the Fairplay Fleet. Miss Doris Chambers, 32, de Vere Gardens, W.8, is busily collecting the £150—which will add a Lady Golfers' Bus to that fleet, and so be responsible for a day's treat to four thousand children who otherwise would not have one. (If that sounds an outsize in seating accommodation, just go in for a little simple arithmetic of how many journeys a bus which carries sixty-five children at a time must do to take four thousand. . . . Do you follow now?)

Those players who had such a great day at Romford will no doubt look on a contribution to the bus as some small return to Mr. Middlemas; others will follow suit; their opponents were all agog for a Jockeys' Bus to materialise, and it 's odds-on the men golfers refusing to be outdone by either. So there we shall be, and soon every game and sport should be able to name a bus, which will be excellent for the employment given as well as for the children.

MR. MIDDLEMAS, of course, is a real philanthropist, a prince of hosts, as every one of his seventy guests who sat down to a marvellous lunch at the club agreed. Marvellous, indeed, became rather a hard-worked expression, and so did "mercy," when you realised the quantities of strokes which the Ladies had to give the Jockeys. Miss Enid Wilson, captain of the team, was skilful enough to find an opponent in Bobby Jones who could be played on level terms, and skilful enough, also, to get round herself in a masterly 74—from men's tees, mind you—by which means she won 5 and 4. Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Phyllis Wade, and Mrs. Garon only had 9 to give, but poor Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Dorrit Wilkins, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Bridget Newell, Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Audrey Holmes all had 14 to give. A pretty stiff proposition, particularly when your opponent goes out in 43, as Dick Perryman did against Miss Fishwick, and, although the lady was bravely round in 77 she was beaten 3 and 2. And the whole result was the eminently satisfactory one of a halved match, each side winning four and halving two, with some extremely good golf played on both sides.

The Jockeys, inevitably, have little enough weight to put behind the ball, K. Robertson, who halved with Miss Dorrit Wilkins, looked to have the least of them all, but they made up for it as far as possible by using extra long clubs, particularly this same man, who is a brother of the West Hill professional and so may be expected to have the game in his bones. That is what Gordon Richards must have somehow; only a year's golf behind him, and here he was doing all sorts of wizardly things with his long clubs, particularly his No. 3 iron, and by means of them beating Miss Holmes on the last green. A great day and no mistake.

MANY golfers, in fact one might say fourteen hundred of them since that is the number of cards taken out on its behalf, look on the Golfers' Cot in the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children at Shadwell, as their own particular. The winner of the annual cup and a few other privileged people, were entertained to lunch at Jules the other day by *Fairway and Hazard*, when Mrs. Ormsby Cooke, who gave the cup, and Miss Winn, who started the whole thing, presented the cup and the runners-up prize to Mrs. Gamble of Burhill and Mrs. Wolfe of Hendon respectively.

Scoring was extremely good this year, 67 net from both these two; but Mrs. Gamble won because her card was at New Zealand, which has a par of 75, whereas Highgate, where Mrs. Wolfe returned hers in the Middlesex meeting, is only 74.

The fund shows so excellent a balance-sheet that a new cot is to be "built" in the new branch of the hospital at Banstead, as well as the old one maintained at Shadwell. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Jockeys and Ladies Halved their Match at Romford

Enid Wilson beat R. A. Jones in the top match by 5 and 4, completing the round in 74. It was the only single played on level terms — in all the others the ladies had to concede strokes

Gordon Richards was the hero of the day; when the women were leading by 5 to 4, he beat Audrey Holmes by two holes to halve the match

Harry Wragg, winner of two Derbys, was another triumphant jockey; receiving 9 strokes, he won by 5 and 3 from Wanda Morgan. The match was composed of singles only

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

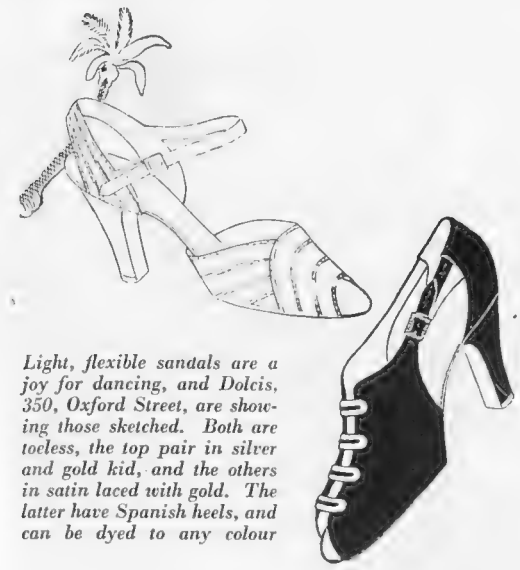
The glamour and enchantment which surrounds Monte Carlo is drawing many visitors, and an exceptionally gay season is predicted. Smart clothes are essential, especially for evenings spent in the luxurious atmosphere of the Sporting Club, where "grande toilette" is worn by everyone. A lovely frock, in midnight-blue lamé shot with silver, is pictured on the right, and may be seen in the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The corsage is softly draped while the skirt fits sleekly over the hips and spreads into a wide fantail train which barely sweeps the ground. Velvet in the same rich blue covers the top of the shoulders like a narrow épaulette

Alexander

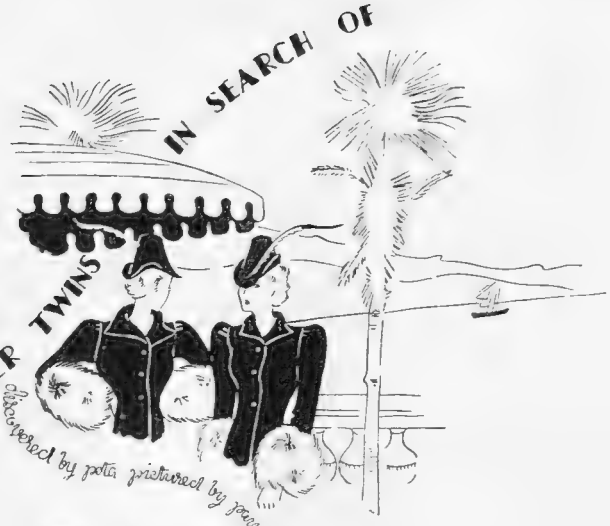
Mediterranean Nights

Frocks for the Dinner and Dance

Many people are planning a trip to the Riviera with its brilliant scenery and cloudless skies. On the French side, there is Cannes and Monte Carlo, where life is spent in a whirl of gaiety, and clothes are a serious consideration. Dances and receptions continue throughout the season, so Jay's, Regent Street, have contributed the frocks on this page from their second-floor salons. For the sophisticated girl or young married woman, there is the dress on the left, a somewhat Grecian inspiration. It is made in a heavy coral crêpe with a matt surface. The skirt is shirred and draped in front, while the neck is caught into soft folds by three gold motifs. It is also made in other shades and costs 14½ guineas. A delightfully youthful frock for the debutante is seen on the right. The colour is an elusive off-white shade with a pearly tint accentuated by the pink faille slip. Lace embroidered with gold thread makes the corsage and motifs which adorn the skirt, the latter a cloud of tulle set layer upon layer



Light, flexible sandals are a joy for dancing, and Dolcis, 350, Oxford Street, are showing those sketched. Both are toeless, the top pair in silver and gold kid, and the others in satin laced with gold. The latter have Spanish heels, and can be dyed to any colour



NOVELTIES

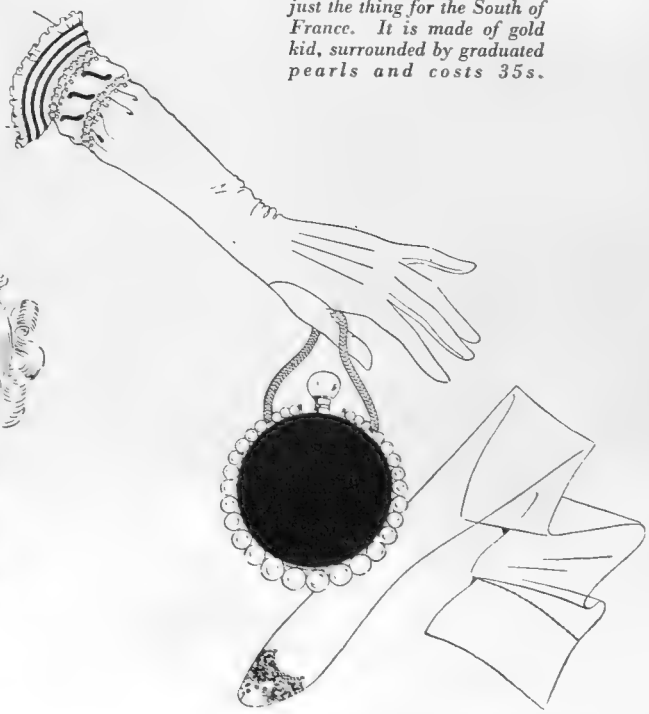
Feathers in the hair are a change from flowers, though both are equally fashionable. The halo which graces the head above consists of exotic feathers mounted on a narrow silver band, and comes from Dickins and Jones, Regent St.

A twist of emerald green velvet and a cluster of shaded carnations make the somewhat outré head-dress above, a charming addition to a sophisticated frock. It is worn tilted off the forehead, and costs 25s. 9d. at Dickins and Jones

The Twins found this giant flapjack evening bag at the Galeries Lafayette in Regent Street and thought it would be just the thing for the South of France. It is made of gold kid, surrounded by graduated pearls and costs 35s.

This double spray of plumes is dyed a vivid green and may be worn at any angle. Poised lightly amid soft curls, it is extraordinarily becoming as well as unusual, and only costs 21s. 9d. at Dickins and Jones

Visitors to Monte Carlo must go to Francis, Park Palace, for their hair. This artist, whose London address is 3, Hanover Square, has created the coiffure above, a new way of arranging curls with an upward sweep



Ivory kid gloves piped with gold and the new sheer silk stockings with dark lace toecaps, designed especially for sandals, would add a finishing touch to an evening dress. They come from the Galeries Lafayette and strike an original note

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Man in Search of God: By Alan Thomas

GEORGES DUHAMEL, member of the Académie Française and author of *Salavin* (Dent; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a best-seller in France. His novels are in demand to the extent, I am told, of over half a million copies. I doubt if he will be quite so popular in England. We are less interested than the French in speculative thinking. But *Salavin*, if I am not mistaken, will make a great impression even with us.

It is the story of a soul in torment. Outwardly Louis Salavin is a little Parisian wage-earner. We see him first of all losing his job for the oddest of reasons? Dishonesty? Insubordination? Slackness? Not a bit of it. He gets the sack for placing his finger deliberately and carefully on a certain part of his employer's ear! Just that. But why did he do it? Louis Salavin could have offered a thousand reasons, not one of which would have satisfied anybody, least of all himself. All he knew as he wandered through the streets of Paris was that his "life was in every respect like this futile waiting beside a lamp-post at a street corner in the rain. I knew that all hope was useless and yet several times a day I made the gestures and went through the actions of a man who does have hope."

In the first book—there are four books in the cycle—Salavin makes his "Confession at Midnight" to an imaginary friend (the reader) whom he meets in a Parisian bar. There is his mother, whom he loves; there is Marguerite, the seamstress who lives next door and whom he is to marry; there is Lanoue, the friend of his childhood, who is part of his life. But none of them can help poor Salavin. There is nothing for it but to wander interminably through streets in search of—what?

The second book is in the form of a journal. Its entries recall at once the morbid introspective speculations of Barbellion. Salavin will be a saint. But how? By self-abasement? By practising chastity? By self-torture even? What is the prescription for saintliness? Clearly it does not involve throwing inkpots at his colleagues—whereby the work of months is undone. Salavin's fall is, as it were, down an inkwell. Maybe the only solution is death: but even Death will have none of him. There is a time when he wishes he were a beetle on a rose-bush.

Still less does "The Lyonnais Club," the secret coterie of political revolutionaries, offer a way out. "You can change what they call the régime, you can replace the class that 's in power, you can change everything—but if you don't change me, Salavin, for instance, well, you won't have changed anything at all." And when the club is raided Salavin is unwanted even by the police.

The only thing for it is to leave home—such as it is—leave his wife and children and leave the country. In service, in good actions (which are on no account to be talked about), in poverty—is it here that the solution lies? One is reminded at once—as one frequently is throughout this book—of Galsworthy's Little Man. Certainly in a place like Tunis there are plenty of opportunities for doing good work, reforming villains, nursing the sick, comforting the dying. And so at the end of his journey he finds also the end of illusion—in accepting the fact of being only what he is.

This is a book of the first order, a work of immense spiritual intensity. The translator, Gladys Billings, has done her work admirably.

Georges Duhamel

This very distinguished French novelist is also editor of the "Mercure de France," a member of the Académie Française, a fine musician, and has had a notable career as a surgeon and biologist. His novel, "Salavin" (reviewed here) has been translated into twelve languages, and is a French best-seller to the tune of half a million copies

BIBLIOPHILES, Johnsonians, Boswellians and, I imagine, a good number of general readers, will be glad to know of the publication (by William Heinemann, Ltd., at 21*s.*) of the original manuscript of *Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. It has been prepared for the press, with preface and notes, by Frederick Pottle and Charles Bennett. The manuscript, you may remember, was discovered by chance in an old croquet box at Malahide Castle, and contains much that is not to be found in the published *Tour*. That *Tour*, as the editors point out, "remained one of the most indiscreet books ever given to the world . . . but beside the original record it seems decorous and even timid." This is a fine production. It is, moreover, the Journal "as Dr. Johnson read it."

I CAN, I am afraid, find no excuse for Mr. Alan Griffiths' *The Passionate Astrologer* (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Its theme is the visit to earth of an angel, and the author has written in what I imagine he would call a farcical vein. The visitant, who is a "Lady Angel," arrives fortuitously at the house of an astrologer, spends the night with him, and departs for Heaven in the morning leaving behind a scroll which forecasts the results of such important items as the Derby and the Test match. The book contains descriptions of events in Heaven which, in my opinion, are liable to offend even an agnostic. The developments following upon the Angel's return to Earth are silly and faintly disgusting. Mr. Griffiths writes with the humour of a fifth-form schoolboy and a circumlocutory style that quickly palls. If this book can be said to be distinguished for anything, it is for its bad taste.

FEW hôteliers can have had quite so varied a career as M. X. M. Boulestin, whose autobiography entitled, *Myself, My Two Countries*, has just been published by Cassell at 12*s.* 6*d.* M. Boulestin was not always the expert gastronomist that we know him to be. He has in his time played many parts. He has been an author, a playwright, a military interpreter; he has translated Max Beerbohm's *Happy Hypocrite*; he has even rebuilt a fortune on paper lampshades. And life's ingredients have been for him—as one would expect—a first-class recipe for the writing of his memoirs. Philosophically speaking, "To sit under a fig tree and wait till the figs, still warm, fall, was perfect wisdom and perhaps a perfect attitude towards life." Well, maybe. Maybe not. But one thing is certain. When the figs do fall, M. Boulestin can serve them up uncommonly well.

I ALWAYS enjoy reading Mr. Jefferson Farjeon's books. There is a certain whimsicality about his writing and his characters if they are sometimes slightly naïve, are invariably likeable. His latest book is called *Thirteen Guests* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of a week-end party at Lord Aveling's country house, is full of mysteries and thrills, and is altogether an excellent yarn.

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 67

Never to be Forgotten

By L. M. Hussey

Sketches by Clark Fay

THIS evening she was winning, winning easily, on almost eve y play. It was a true run of luck, and she seemed to be the sort of person with the nerve and the poise to back it. Yet she stood up so suddenly, and left the table so quickly, that for a moment or two Paul Grayson sat in his chair too surprised to follow her. She made no pause to cash her winnings, and by the time Paul did follow, she was already out of the Casino.

As he himself came out, he thought at first that he had lost her. He told himself he 'd give it up. Wasn't it pretty clear now, after three nights of trying, that she hadn't the least wish to know him? But it was hard to give it up! It was hard to strangle a wish that had dominated you so suddenly and with such a persistent strength. Then Paul caught sight of her, walking slowly past the terraces of the cafés that faced the sea.

The wish took hold of him again, and he walked quickly after her. While he was still fifty yards or more behind, she paused at one of the terraces and took a seat at an empty table.

Paul slowed his pace; as he drew near, he looked at her steadily. No waiter had come to her yet. She sat relaxed, her hands on the table-top, her eyes looking out over the passers-by toward the dark and quiet Mediterranean.

He thought that he would be a fool just to walk up and down in front of her table. She would never look at him; she would simply stare out at the dark sea and refuse to see him, no matter how often he passed.

Then she turned her head a little, met his gaze directly, and her lips curved a smile.

Paul stopped. He forgot to take off his hat. He forgot anything he might have had to say.

"I want to know why you 've been following me," she asked him.

"May I sit down?" Paul asked.

"Yes, I want you to sit down. I want to talk to you."

"That 's all I ask. That 's what I want, too. That 's what I 've been wanting for three days. That 's why I 've been following you around—trying to see if you wouldn't talk to me."

The waiter came up, and she said she 'd have something sweet; she said she 'd have a Cherry Rocher.

"Well," she said; "what you 've told me doesn't really tell me what I want to know. Why do you want to talk to me? What do you want to say?"

"When you put it that way," Paul answered, "you make it hard. I don't know what to say . . ."

"Oh, but please! Please think of something. Look: you haven't got long. You 've got—say fifteen minutes. In fifteen minutes I 'm going across the street, get into a taxi, go to my hotel, and there I 'm to meet some friends who are driving me to-night to Juan les Pins. In the morning we 're starting for Paris. I thought I 'd give you these fifteen minutes before I left. I was curious. I knew you 'd come trotting after me if I went out of the casino. You 've been trotting around after me for three days. Well, then?"

"Don't cut it to fifteen minutes!" Paul pleaded. "I 'll tell you, and you 'll understand. What 's happened to me has got to happen to you, too. Got to! I 'm just half of it. This sort of thing can't happen halfway. You might call this fate. You might call this a miracle. It can begin in fifteen minutes—but it won't ever end. It mustn't ever end!"

"But, what? What?"

"Listen," said Paul. "Just before dinner the other night, I came out of my hotel and took a walk down along the shore. There was a big red sun dropping behind the cliffs, and the sea was blood-red and as quiet as a little lake. There were people walking around as I was, and there were a lot of people sitting on these terraces having their apéritifs.

"I got as far as the street that turns into that road for St. Cyr, and then for the first time in my life I saw you. You were standing on the sand; you were quite close to the water; and you were gazing at the sun. Do you know what I thought?"

She fingered her glass and said:

"Suppose you tell me."

"This was it: I thought, 'Well, they made this for her! I never saw her before, but there she is, and all this belongs to her. It 's her frame and her setting.' I told myself that the big red sun and the quiet sea and the sand and all the people laughing on the terraces or strolling about were there for no other reason than to set you off. I didn't know a woman could be so lovely! I said to myself that you were probably the loveliest woman alive on this planet. I said it, and I knew it. I knew then that ever after the first sight of you, no matter how many hundreds of times I 'd see you, everything around you would be just your stage setting. It would all belong to you; you 'd be at the exact centre of everything in this world."

"Well!" she said. "Have I really done that to you?"

"You have. I 've told you you have. I told you it was a miracle. If everything in life suddenly gets itself focussed on one person, what else can you call it?"

"Maybe that 's the word . . ." She paused, and she smiled a little.

Then she asked:

"Are you—subject to these miracles?"

"Please!"

"Oh, then forgive me! I didn't really doubt you. I suppose this has happened to you just as you say

(Concluded on page xiv)

She stood up so suddenly . . .

Near Leigh, Surrey

This England

IT is curious that the "vile weather of our winter day" should lose its vileness in the country. The wind that whistles down a city street to paint the nose and chill the wame, is elsewhere a majestic, tree-tossing frolic of the gods. And the damp chill of dusk that sends coughs echoing in the urban train brings to the rustic nostril the sweet incense of burning wood and decaying leaf. But in city or shire, damp is always a danger in our England. Beer was a protection evolved by our fathers for the nourishment and warmth-against-chill that it conveyed. And beer of a type they favoured centuries ago you enjoy — and profit by — in your Worthington today.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND

Howard Marshall on Rugger

And Now — the Internationals

And so, after weeks of predictions and following form, the great day has passed, and we are in the process of recovering from the excitement of yesterday's Twickenham battle, the Varsity match.

We must consider, now, the players who are likely to be heard of again in big football, and my own feeling is that there are some who did not play at Twickenham whose chance of International caps are very bright. One of these is W. S. Kemble, who put new life into the Harlequins last week when he played at stand-off half for them. It is difficult to judge on the evidence of one game alone, but Kemble looked very good to me, and it would be odd, though not surprising in the least, to find him opposing T. A. Kemp, of Cambridge, in an England trial match. If he has a weakness, it is that he is apt to drop his passes, but this may be merely a phase. In every other respect he seemed to me the best English stand-off half I have seen this year.

Then there is young R. B. Bruce-Lockhart, in ordinary years a certain Blue, and even now a most probable choice for Scotland at stand-off half or in the centre. We shall certainly hear a good deal of him in the near future. J. D. Low, the Cambridge scrum-half, is playing better and better—he must be in the running for an England cap. J. W. G. Forrest and W. H. Roden are centres who doubtless have been tucked away in capacious selectorial memories.

And how about the University forwards? R. M. Marshall, of Oxford—no relation of mine, sad to say—is a second-row player of remarkable promise, heavy, fast and intelligent, clearly a coming young man. Perhaps the best of Oxford's scrummagers, taking the close work primarily into consideration, is G. D. Roos, a South African front-row man, but G. A. Reid is another fine forward. I say nothing of M. McG. Cooper himself, for he is established.

The Cambridge pack as a whole is lively enough to suggest that it contains some grand individual players, and W. M. Inglis, late of Rugby, is a fine all-round scrummager, perhaps the best of the bunch. D. A. Campbell, an Australian, is a back-row forward of exceptional merit, and C. D. Laborde has proved himself an uncommonly good leader.

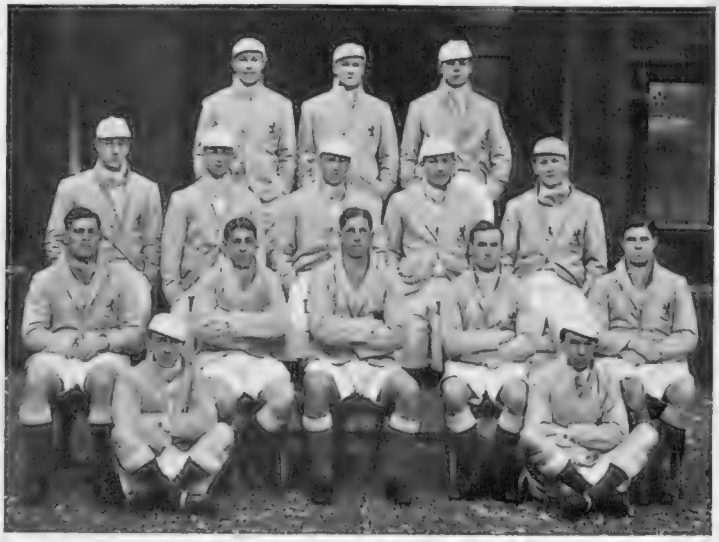
We hear little nowadays of forward leadership, but there is room in the England pack for a man who can pull eight individuals together into one cohesive unit. This is an important point: there should, in my opinion, be more emphasis upon the need for leadership, and if we could produce our Wakefields and our Bannermans again, forward play, I am convinced, would improve out of all knowledge. Constantly we see eight really useful forwards wasting their energy because they lack direction, and this is largely because we have forgotten that a leader should be the brain in the forward body, so to speak, the eyes and ears of the pack.

I have an idea that the England selectors are finding it rather difficult to build up a satisfactory pack, largely because some of the old hands have failed to find their best form so far. Only the other day I watched one of the old brigade with some care in an important match—no names, no pack-drill—and of all the useless, idle performances, his was one of the worst I remember. Perhaps we need a few of these University scrummagers to ginger things up. The trouble is that after the Varsity match they have shot their bolts for some time to come. Assuredly the second Trial will hardly give them a chance to consolidate their reputations.

One other point while we are discussing International reputations. It has been suggested to me that when a player moves up from club football to the representative hurly-burly, he learns tricks which are hardly in keeping with the spirit behind the laws. This may be true, and I will not deny that of late I have seen players of repute doing their best to beat the referee. There is, for example, far too much standing off-side by backs while the ball is in the scrummage—a very unfair and unnecessary form of cheating. When a side has worked its way to its opponents' line, it is galling to be held up by players who disregard the off-side laws, and are willing to risk losing three points by a penalty goal.

We are very unlucky just now, by the way, with injuries to key players. What a misfortune it is for Wales that Cliff Jones should have broken a collar-bone! And Wooller's cartilage trouble is a sad business also. We all regret the accidents which will keep these two great players out of the Welsh side, for everyone would welcome the real Welsh revival which seemed imminent. All we can say is that Wales are fortunate to have so good a stand-off half as W. T. H. Davies in reserve, though he also has been on the injured list.

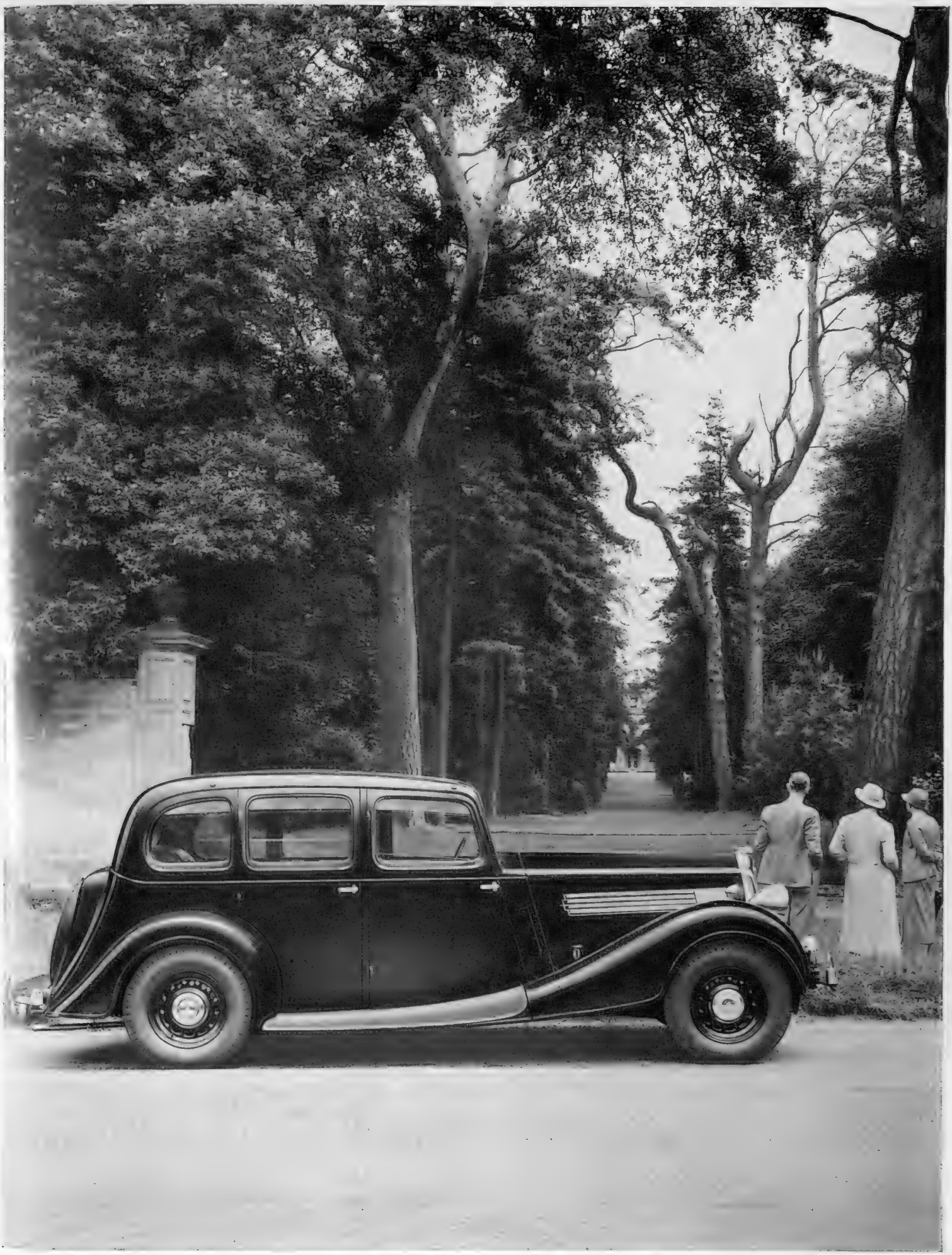
Then England are worried about A. Obolensky, whose torn thigh muscle is proving more troublesome than at one time seemed probable—it is an odd coincidence that the three most attractive personalities in the game just now—Jones, Wooller and Obolensky—should be out of action at the same time—and it does rather rob the first International match of the season—Wales v. England at Twickenham—of some of its glamour.



Yesterday's Opponents: the Oxford and Cambridge Rugby XVs

The Oxford team (read left to right, back row first): H. M. Hughes, H. D. Freakes, R. M. Marshall, W. N. Renwick, G. D. Roos, J. A. Brett, C. T. Bloxham, N. F. McGrath, Malcolm McG. Cooper (captain), C. F. Grieve, M. M. Walford, G. A. Reid, P. Cooke, H. R. G. Percy and E. L. Button

The Cambridge team (read left to right, back row first): J. A. MacDonald, J. G. S. Forrest, C. W. Wilton, W. H. Roden, T. A. Kemp, F. M. N. Heath, W. O. Chadwick, D. A. Campbell, W. M. Inglis, J. D. Low, C. D. Laborde (captain), J. R. Rawlence, W. B. Young, T. R. Parry and K. D. Downes



This is one of a series of attractive photographs used by Wolseley Motors Ltd., to illustrate the new 25 h.p. Wolseley Salon de Ville

Southampton as an Air Terminal : By Charles Ward

Before the London-Cape-London record attempt. Jim Mollison and Edouard Corniglion-Molinier at Croydon, all dressed up for the event

A New Air Base

THE proposal to operate the Empire flying-boats from the new harbour at Portsmouth is still rather in the air, and in any case the base would take a year or two to prepare. The cost of the scheme—more than £1,000,000—is too great for Portsmouth to bear, and the city awaits the final decision from the Air Ministry as to how much will be granted from public funds. Meantime, some place has had to be found for the boats that are to make the experimental Atlantic crossings, and the choice has fallen on Hythe, adjoining the works of the British Power Boats. There are slipways and a hangar already in existence and plenty of water for long take-offs when these prove necessary. Quite soon the services to Egypt, India, South Africa, will be by flying-boat all the way. Fast trains to Southampton will be met by motor-boats at the docks, passengers emplaning in midstream. Tests of the Mayo "twin" are expected to start very soon and the "Caledonia" is being fitted with its long-range tanks for the first of the ocean flights.

Why Flying Boats?

THE Traffic Manager of Imperial Airways made several points at a recent lecture on the reasons for the change-over to boats. There is a limit to the size of a landplane—or rather, to its weight—when flown from a grass or sandy aerodrome during wet weather. Even in England, with land drainage well understood, aircraft get bogged in winter-time. Our London terminal at Croydon has a sticky record, and the same difficulties occur at many of the aerodromes through Africa and to the East. The cost of making them weatherproof would be enormous; so much so that it will pay to use flying-boats, although they are more expensive to buy and operate. Other advantages are improved performance due to sea-level take-offs, especially on the journey to the Cape. The route to Australia has always proved easier to fly than the latter because of this fact. Fuel supplies and many commodities are cheaper at the seaports than inland. In Africa, this is very important—petrol can still cost as much as six shillings a gallon in some up-country districts.

From the House of de Havilland

MORE than 100 Hornet Moths are in daily use in all parts of the world. The type is popular because it supplies just what the customer wants, and now that the makers have advertised a price reduction of £100, from £875 down to £775, the market becomes very much wider. It is a dual-purpose type, being equally suitable for instruction and as a comfortable flyabout for two. Thousands of ordinary Moths preceded the Hornet, which explains the reason for its success—an appreciation in exact terms of what is required—safety, comfort, and economy. As a tourer it carries two people with 130 lb. of luggage a distance of 600 miles at 18 miles to the gallon—a better fuel performance than any but small cars. Moreover, its speed of 105 cruising is something unattainable except in the air. Folding wings for garaging, air and wheel brakes, a tail wheel with full castor action, are some of the selling points. Flying control is exceedingly simple, the rudder-bar being seldom needed. There is a lever which adjusts the bias for straight flying, feet off whether cruising, climbing, or gliding through clouds. Another de Havilland product that has been reduced is the Rapide for 1937. Instead of £4150 it costs £3800, excluding cabin upholstery and fittings. Air Commerce has ordered one for its taxi work. Flaps for slow landing, navigation and landing lights for night work, metal props and a sound-proof cabin are some of the things thrown in that were formerly extras.

A striking "Flight" picture of the "Hornet" Moth now selling at £775. Side-by-side seating, a quiet and luxurious cabin, 18 miles to the gallon are amongst the features that count

Royal Patronage

THE KING'S interest in aviation dates back twenty years, for he flew during the war in one of Handley-Page's O.400's. About ten years ago, he took up flying seriously and has never ceased to regard it as modern transport. Last week it was announced that he had granted his patronage to the Royal Aero Club, which is something that will be greatly appreciated by all who fly. Difficulties at Heston are being solved gradually. The surrounding land needed for extensions is being bought by the Air Ministry and work will commence very shortly to bring it into the aerodrome proper. London has all too few air stations for the future, and the prospect that Heston might be left little better than second-class was grim. There has been much progress at Gatwick since its opening in the summer. It has its own controlled zone, and the Lorenze blind-landing equipment is nearly ready for use. East to west over the railway there is to be a run of 1400 yards.

Via Ireland

IRELAND'S place in the trans-Atlantic air route scheme is taking definite shape. A base has been chosen at Kilconry, Co. Clare, which is, of course, on the Atlantic seaboard and therefore nearest to America. Imperial Airways and Pan American Airways are co-operating with the Free State Government, which will be a party to the agreement with the British concern. People had forgotten that Colonel Charles Lindbergh was technical adviser to P.A.A., and there was much speculation a week or so ago when he was reported "missing" in Ireland. He flew over in his new Miles Mohawk to inspect the Irish base, and was joined by some of his American directors and by Mr. G. E. Woods Humphery, managing director of Imperial Airways. On returning to Baldonnel, the airport for Dublin, he found Mr. de Valera taking an interest in aviation, and persuaded him to make his first flight. There must be very few people of note who do not fly these days, although in the Free State, owing to lack of funds, there has been little civil aviation to date.

We want *you* to know about our great International Exhibition, which will be held in Paris from May to November, 1937. Every day we send away hundreds of leaflets and booklets, such as those pictured above, in a sincere effort to reach you. We want to tell you about the progress of the Exhibition as it grows, stone by stone, day by day, turning from a splendid vision into a still more glorious reality. That is why we issue a handsomely illustrated **Official Monthly Magazine** entitled: "Arts, Crafts, Sciences in Modern Life." Write for a free specimen copy. You will find it a fascinating publication.

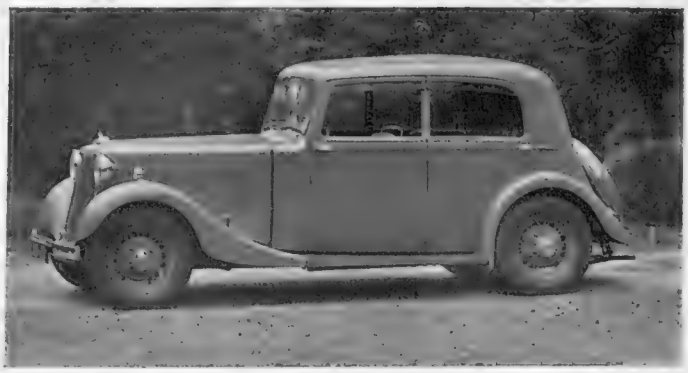
Address: **Commissioner General**
PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1937
35 Rue St. Didier, Paris, France

For further information and free booklets apply to all railway, steamship and tourist agencies.

PARIS 1937

Wheel-Spin, the New Motoring Bogey

By The Earl of Cardigan



The six-cylinder 14-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley light saloon (note the thin pillars). Priced at £320

Not long ago it was the rule at this time of year for motorists to give a good deal of thought to the subject of skidding. Novices would face the prospect of slippery roads with considerable apprehension; experienced drivers would compare notes as to the best method of keeping a skidding car under control—and people like myself would write many thousands of words with the intention of being helpful and instructive.

The sort of skid which all of us mainly visualised was, of course, that which would arise from the brakes being applied too fiercely on a greasy surface. Until four-wheel brakes had been brought to a high pitch of perfection this braking skid was of frequent occurrence, and could not be entirely avoided even by the most cautious of motorists.

Nowadays the braking skid is a great rarity. I personally cannot remember the last occasion on which I experienced it. We must not, however, assume that, on this account, skidding itself is a thing of the past.

I would even venture the opinion that, in the last year or two, cars as a whole have become more liable to a certain type of skidding. I believe that, under certain conditions, it is necessary now to drive rather more warily than before.

The modern variety of skid to which I am referring is, of course, that which arises from the spinning of the back wheels owing to over-fierce acceleration. It occurs, in particular, when a car is being accelerated round a corner in a low gear. The tyres lose their grip on the road surface and a sideways slither is commenced which may prove serious if it is not immediately controlled.

The increase in wheel-spinning skids may be attributed to the modern car's design. It has become popular to carry the engine at the extreme front of the chassis, thus making the car proportionately lighter at the back. The engine, in any case, is much more powerful than formerly, and thus can more easily overcome the adhesion which should exist between the tyres and the road.

There is just one cheerful aspect of this substitution of the new wheel-spinning skid for the old braking skid. That is that the former can, by prudence, be avoided altogether. No one *needs* to accelerate violently in rounding a corner, whereas to apply rear-wheel brakes at such a moment was sometimes unavoidable.

To obtain a wheel-spinning skid three conditions are needed. The car must be in a low gear (it is most unlikely that the wheels will spin while top gear is engaged). The front wheels must be locked over to a considerable extent, as when making a right-angle turn around a block of houses. Finally, the accelerator must be pressed hard down so that the engine is seeking to develop its maximum power.

Quite obviously, unless one is in a desperate hurry there is no need for all

(Concluded on page xiv)

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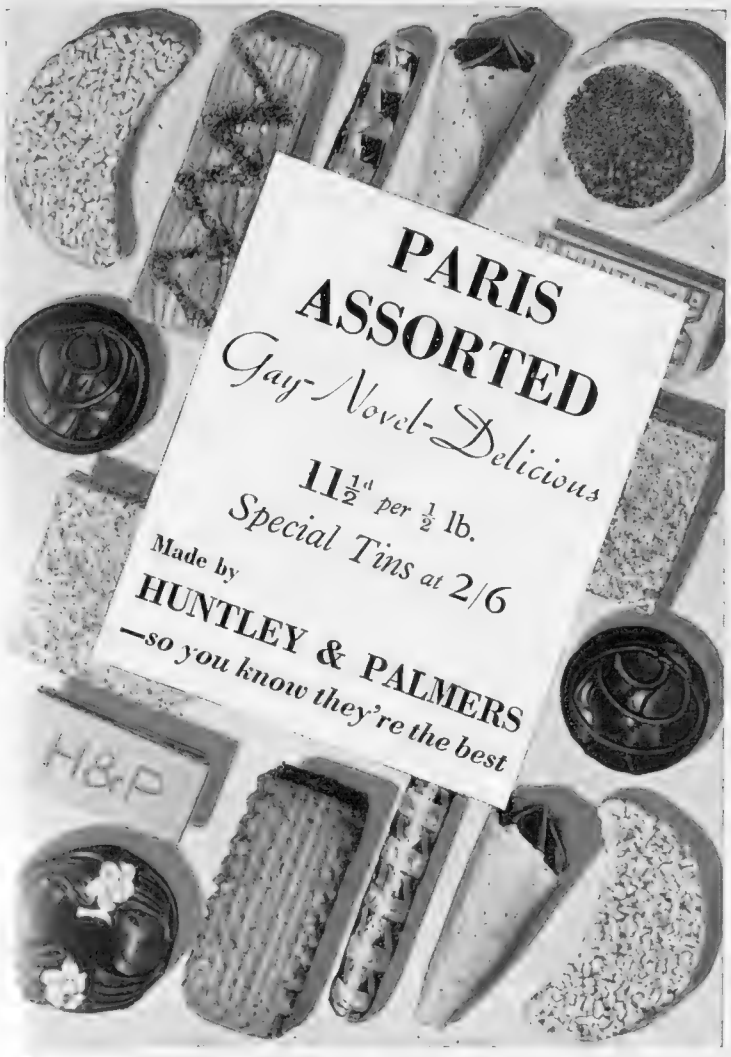
GOLD FLAKE
SPECIAL CIGARETTES
in Presentation Oak Boxes

Illustration shows
50's Oak Cabinet 3/10

50's cabinet 3/10 · 100's cabinet 6/6 · 150's cabinet 9/6
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

G.F.B.5



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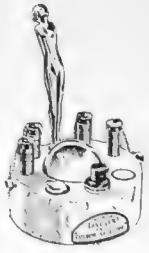

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"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and Titian blondes.

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—says Charles

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.....

[B3.]

Never to be Forgotten

(Continued from page vi)

it has. I suppose it 's possible to see a person for the first time, and ever after that person 's never to be forgotten. Is that it? If that 's it, if that 's what I 've done to you, I 'm glad. I 'm proud. So I 'm going to say good-bye, now."

" But I don't know what you mean ! "

" Oh, you must ! You 'll understand."

" You see," she told him, " I believe you now. I believe everything. I believe you suddenly saw me and thought I was the centre of the world. I believe you thought I was the loveliest woman on earth."

" From now on," he said, " whenever I see you, I 'll never forget one detail of the first time, and I 'll remember just as easily every detail of the thousand-and-first time."

" Let me go on," she begged. " I believe you. I believe you won't forget —the first time. But you can't say, no one on earth can say, what the thousand-and-first time might do to you. Oh, you might be glad enough to forget that ! Or you might break my heart by being so indifferent, that thousand-and-first time, that you wouldn't even so much as see me. This thing I 've been able to do to you, and give you—I want it to stay with you just as it is, unforgettable. I 've given it to you, and I won't risk taking it away from you."

She stood up.

" That 's why I 'm saying good-bye," she told him. " Keep what you have. You 've made me proud. I won't forget either. You understand, don't you ? You won't risk losing what you can keep ? You 'll promise not to follow me or ever try to see me again ? "

She waited a moment, watching him anxiously, until she saw him nod.

" Good-bye ! " she said.

And she flashed by him and crossed the street with a headlong disregard of the traffic.

Then for a moment Paul stood looking after her. He saw her taxi pull away from the curb. He said to himself that he understood her fully. Why should he go on if he already had an ideal emotion that going on might spoil ? What did he know about her ? What did they know about each other ?

He nodded to himself that she was right. He crossed the street and called a taxi.

" Follow that cab ahead," he told the driver. [THE END

Wheel-Spin, the New Motoring Bogey

(Continued from page xii)

these conditions to be simultaneously fulfilled. It may be necessary to change down ; but the engine can be accelerated quietly, or not accelerated until after the corner has been taken. It is not the acceleration only or the cornering only, but the combination of the two that induces the wheel-spin.

If, however, this type of skid is encountered the procedure for dealing with it must follow the familiar lines. Just as with a braking skid, the first step is to remove the original cause of the trouble—which in this case is the excessive power which the engine is transmitting to the road wheels. Thus, before anything else is done, the accelerator-pedal must be released.

(Fortunately, it is natural for the driver to cease accelerating when the skid commences—so that again we are better off than in the old days. There were always some people who, in a braking skid, would attempt to regain control by braking still more fiercely ! They said it was their " natural " reaction.)

HAVING, by simply ceasing to accelerate, removed the cause of the wheel-spinning skid, there should be no difficulty in bringing the car once more fully under control. The golden rule is to turn the steering-wheel gently, so that the radiator-cap is always pointing straight down the centre of the road. There is no need to remember any dictum as to " steering into the skid "—for this may confuse the mind at a critical moment. It is far better to concentrate upon the radiator-cap and the centre of the road.

It is quite certain that if the nose of the car is pointed in the required direction, and if there is no longer any factor at work to induce further skidding, the rear wheels must eventually follow suit. The rear wheels will always follow the front wheels unless there is some compelling reason for them to do otherwise.

Thus there is no mystery about recovering from a wheel-spinning skid—or, indeed, any skid which affects the rear wheels only. At the same time, it is definitely wiser to prevent the skid occurring in the first place. The modern, busy street hardly provides space enough for any manœuvres in a sideways direction !

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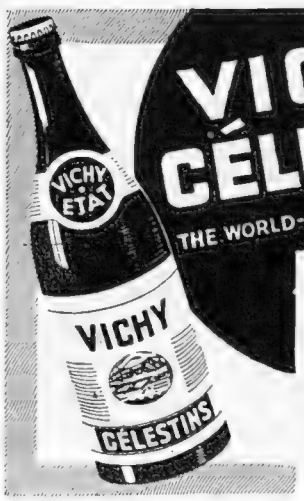

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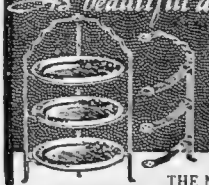

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The Editor's Box

Veritable Mines of Information

SUCH is the phrase that you cannot escape using in describing two hunting handbooks, *The Hunting Diary and Guide* and *Baily's Hunting Directory*. The editions for 1936-7 of this lusty couple are now out. *The Hunting Diary and Guide for the Season* 1936-7, published by Messrs. Walter Goldsmith and Co., Ltd., of 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the price of 5s. 6d., has been considerably enlarged and improved. The features included in the new edition are: a full list of hunt establishments in the United Kingdom, with particulars of masters, huntsmen, whips, secretaries, kennels and hunting days, including foxhounds, staghounds, harriers, beagles, draghounds and otterhounds; hunt establishments abroad; an alphabetical list of masters of English and foreign packs (it is interesting to note from this that hunts à l'Anglaise exist in Iraq, Palestine, Spain, Hungary, Italy, Germany, Holland and France as well as America and the Dominions); distinctive features of hunt uniforms; cleaning and general management of hunting kit; a diary of sport, to be filled in by the owner. The book is illustrated with photographs of meets and personalities of various hunts.

Baily's Hunting Directory, of which this year's is the fortieth edition, offers equally full information, all carefully revised from official sources. In the preface the editor points out some interesting tendencies in the hunting world, such as the increase of joint-masterships, the decrease in numbers of hunting farmers and the maintenance of hunter prices. Three very fine maps show the home foxhound countries. *Baily's Hunting Directory* is published by Vinton and Company, 8, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane. Very well bound and printed, it is priced at 10s. 6d. No happier solution of the Christmas present problem for hunting friends is to be found than one or both of these invaluable directories-cum-diaries.

The Photography Year-Book

Described as "the international annual of the camera art" this heavy volume is produced by the Cosmopolitan Press, Ltd., 48, Fetter Lane, and costs one guinea. There are over 1000 reproductions in the book, 108 of which are full-page, and they comprise what the editor, Mr. T. Korda, editor of *Photography*, considers to be the world's best photographs of 1936. Five hundred and fifty contributors have made a very representative show. In this year's edition, for the first time, the reproductions have been grouped under sub-headings, some of which are as follows: architecture and construction, scientific, children, nudes, portraits, posters, trick photography. The *Photography Year-Book* should prove valuable to amateurs as a fund of suggestions, to professionals as a gauge of modern photographic tendencies.

The Modern Card

Christmas cards have improved out of all recognition during the last few years, both in design and value-for-money, and several firms now use the work of leading contemporary artists. Chief of these is the Ward Gallery, in whose card and calendar catalogue appear such names as Paul Nash, Rex Whistler, Rowland Hilder. Besides their more expensive cards—a "Shell" poster series and a modern water-colour series at 1s. a card—they have a marvellous collection of cheaper cards in two- and three-colour wood-engravings and scissor-cuts, for as little as 2d. and 3d. They also produce labels, bookmarks, and attractive enclosure cards. The Gallery is in Baker Street, where you can see the whole selection, but most good stationers stock Ward cards.

A Thought a Day

A long-established favourite among calendars is the "tear-off" kind, of which C. W. Faulkner and Co., make a speciality. "Great Thoughts" and "Witty Thoughts" are the two that everyone knows. Faulkner's also publish a big selection of Christmas cards, mostly of the richly-coloured traditional kind. There is an austerity about the purely modern card which to many people seems a contradiction of Christmas: here among the Faulkner cards, the old spirit of abundance still reigns. Games are another of their seasonable side-lines.

A Correction

In our issue of November 18th, we stated that the music of the ballet *David* was by Gordon Jacobs. This is incorrect: Maurice Jacobson is the composer in question. We apologise to both composers for the mistake.

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competition: Monthly Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the Scratch Score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER handicap spoons during the year, irrespective of which division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

November Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Daphne Martyn	Addington Palace	78	14	64	74	10 below
Miss N. E. Allen	Addington	83	12	71	76	5 "
Mrs. G. F. Binell	Sandwell Park	85	16	69	73	4 "
Miss N. E. Sanderson	Kingsthorpe	76	7	69	72	3 "
Mrs. W. A. Twist	Ashton-in-Makerfield	87	18	69	72	3 "
Miss W. Jackson	Leighton Buzzard	83	13	70	72	2 "
Mrs. M. Walker	Thorndon Park	76	Scr.	76	77	1 "
Mrs. H. V. Newton	Birkdale	76	Scr.	76	76	All Sq.
Miss E. A. Lawrenson	Hillside	87	12	75	75	All Sq.
Mrs. D. H. Griffiths	Ringway	80	7	73	72	1 above
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	83	8	75	74	1 "
Mrs. Goodwin	Hockley	87	14	73	72	1 "
Mrs. F. M. Pilkington	Ashford Manor	82	4	78	76	2 "
Miss H. McMinn	Bedford and County	81	5	76	74	2 "
Miss J. Priest	Huddersfield	87	8	79	77	2 "

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. D. S. Smith	R. Calcutta (New Course)	96	33	63	73	10 below
Mrs. Ricketson	Ferndown	101	36	65	75	10 "
Mrs. Shaw	Sale	100	32	68	73	5 "
Mrs. Corbett	The Warren	94	23	71	74	3 "
Mrs. J. N. Henderson	Sleaford	92	23	69	72	3 "
Mrs. A. E. Morgan	Ashburnham	106	35	71	74	3 "
Miss B. Pike	North Hants.	94	24	70	72	2 "
Miss B. Adams	Kingsthorpe	100	28	72	74	2 "

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. N. Todd	Cleethorpes	104	33	71	72	1 below
Mrs. Kentish	Oakdale	100	24	76	76	All Sq.
Mrs. McFarlane	Northampton	96	19	77	75	2 above
Mrs. Tutt	Hockley	98	23	75	72	3 "
Mrs. Walmsley	Hockley	106	31	75	72	3 "
Mrs. Whetham	North Hants.	99	22	77	72	5 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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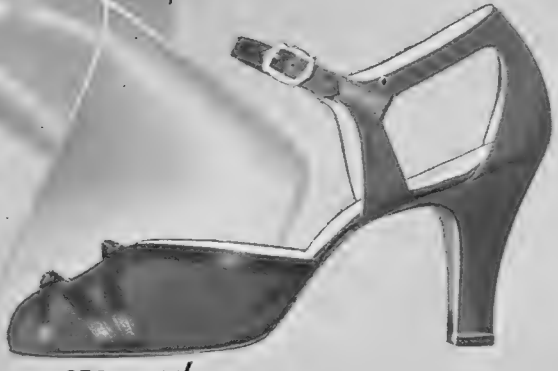

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Lenare

Rachel Soames

Is engaged to Michael Spencer Gosling, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Gosling, of The Moat, Pebmarsh, Essex; she is the only child of the late Harold Martin Soames and Mrs. Soames, of Stella's Cottage, Moor Park, Farnham, Surrey

Bassano

Kathleen Ursula Cock

Is the second daughter of the late James Harold Cock and Mrs. Cock, of Cruckton Hall, Shrewsbury, and is engaged to Ivor Leith Reeves, youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Hugh Reeves, of Tillingham, Hartfield, Sussex

Kay Vaughan

Sheila Campbell

Is engaged to Dr. A. C. Rumsey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Rumsey, of The Lodge, Luard Road, Cambridge; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Campbell, of Sydney, Australia

Catherine Bell

Phyllis Gavin Jones

Announces her engagement to Pilot Richard Wyndham Leigh, youngest son of the late Canon Leigh and Mrs. Leigh, of Cleaves, Yalding, Kent; she is the second daughter of Lt.-Col. Gavin Jones, of Letchworth, and Mrs. M. E. Jones, of 3, Petersham Terrace, S.W.7

Lenare

Constance Elizabeth Gibbs

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Gibbs, of Charnwood, Blackwater, Hampshire; she is engaged to John Stephen Langton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Langton, of Kit's Croft, Eversley, Hampshire

Stuart Hamilton

Margaret Winifred Burrows

Is engaged to Arthur Herbert Cole, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. William Charles Cole; she is the younger twin daughter of Mr. Roland Burrows, K.C., Recorder of Cambridge, and Mrs. Burrows, of 23, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5

Nora Cowell

Is engaged to John Herbert Pearse, a nephew of Sir John Pearse, of 11, Grosvenor Court, Sloane Street; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cowell, of Lynsted, Silverdale Avenue, Walton-on-Thames

Catherine Bell

Margaret Joan Whibley

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Whibley, of 15, Glenloch Court, Hampstead, and is engaged to James Charles Buxton, elder son of Professor and Mrs. Basil Buxton, of Red Gables, Cambridge

Hay Wrightson

Violet Haddon Petrie

Is the elder daughter of the late Sir Edward Petrie and Blanche Lady Petrie, of Bracken, Pyrford, Surrey, and is engaged to Charles Edward Wilson Sleigh, youngest son of Sir William and Lady Sleigh, of Leadervale, Lauder Road, Edinburgh

Vandyk

Mozelle Cairn

Is engaged to Thomas Beecham, younger son of Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt., and Lady Beecham, of Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon; she is the daughter of the late Edward Cairn and the Hon. Mrs. Stratford Tollemache, of 156, Castlenau, S.W.13

Elliott & Fry

Audrey Elizabeth Yeates

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. K. Yeates, of The Home Farm House, Paultons, Romsey; she is engaged to Brian Branfoot, only son of Capt. and Mrs. J. J. Branfoot, of Beufre, Beaulieu, Hants.

Lenare

Janet Fletcher Porter

Is the younger daughter of the late Dr. John Fletcher Porter and Mrs. Porter, of 14, Bina Gardens, S.W.5, and is engaged to John Weinberg, only son of the late Major Julian Weinberg and Mrs. Weinberg, of Farnham, Surrey

McClintock — Holmes à Court

Jocelyn McClintock, elder son of Major and Mrs. J. McClintock, of Willey Place, Farnham, Surrey, and Mary Holmes à Court, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Holmes à Court, of The Manor House, Yetminster, Dorset, were married at Yetminster

Sabine — Plumpton

Noel Barrington Sabine, of the Kenya Administrative Service, married Diana Plumpton at Nairobi Cathedral. She is the well-known golfer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merville Plumpton, of The Hermitage, Frinton-on-Sea

Lambert — Gilmore

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Edward Lambert, son of the late Brig.-Gen. T. S. Lambert and Mrs. Lambert, of Crowlands, Camberley, married Rhona Patricia Gilmore, younger daughter of the late H. St. G. Gilmore and Mrs. Molyneux, of Villa Mignonette, Menton, France

Tillett — Harries

Ivor Tillett married Avis Bowen Harries at Llandridnod Wells. He is the only son of the late F. C. Tillett and Mrs. Tillett, of Barton Manor, Whippingham, I.O.W.; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harries, of Bryn-ar-y-mor, Llanelly

Twiss — Hutchison

Lieut. Frank Roddam Twiss, R.N., of H.M.S. Nelson, only son of Mrs. R. E. Gibson, of The Commissioner's House, Karachi, and Prudence Dorothy Hutchison, younger daughter of the late Admiral John de L. Hutchison and Mrs. Hutchison, were married at Ugborough Church, near Plymouth

Anderson — Boles

Cyril Alfred Anderson, only son of the late Rev. A. E. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, of Almner Priory, Lyne, Surrey, and Doreen Frances Boles, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Dennis Boles and Beatrice Lady Boles, Watts House, Bishop's Lydcard, were married at Bishop's Lydeard

Butler Henderson — Fenwick

Lionel Butler Henderson, eldest son of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Butler Henderson, of Winwick Manor, Rugby, married Una Fenwick at North Luffenham Church. She is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fenwick, of North Luffenham Hall, Stamford

Cox — Finlay

Edmund Robert Cox, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cox, of Dungarthill, Dunkeld, Perthshire, and Esmée Elizabeth Finlay, youngest daughter of Sir Kirkman and Lady Finlay, of Warfield Grove, Bracknell, Berks., were married at Warfield

Chalmers — Henschel

Harry Maxwell Chalmers, son of the late Henry Chalmers and Mrs. Chalmers, of Blairgowrie, Perthshire, and Elizabeth Georgie Henschel, daughter of the late Sir George Henschel and Lady Henschel, of Allt-na-criche, Aviemore, Inverness-shire, were married at the Kensington Register Office

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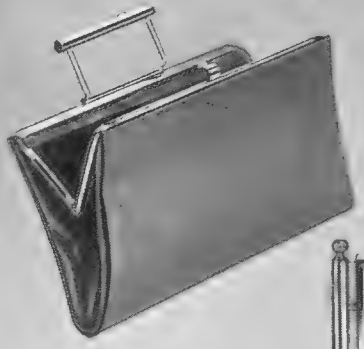

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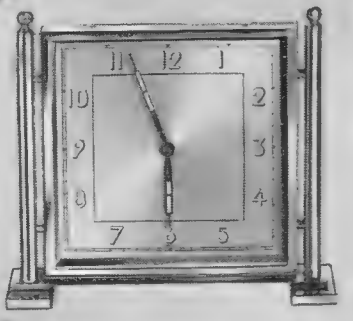

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 9 — December 15

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively jest at expense of impecunious family, headed by Mary Clare: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HELL FOR LEATHER.—Same author and producer as *Dr. Clitterhouse*; about motor-racing, with Bernard Nedell and Olive Blakeney: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, Rosalind Boulter, Elizabeth Nolan, Hilda Trevelyan: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—The Chinese traditional tale is running again: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Katherine Page, Jean Clyde, and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PANIC.—Financial crisis dealt with in verse, with Franklin Dyall. Also THE DUMB WIFE, with Margaretta Scott and Elliott Seabrooke: Mercury, 8.30 (not Mon.). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WASTE.—Granville Barker's; with Nicholas Hannen, Catherine Lacey, Gillian Scaife: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this play is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.—Dekker's play produced by Michel Saint-Denis and decorated by Motley; William Devlin, Edith Evans, Michael Redgrave: Old Vic, 8.

Singing and Dancing

ALL WAVE.—Naunton Wayne and Stanley Holloway hold this "radio" revue together: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Last three days of this romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15 Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Robitschek's new "All-in-One" show: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

O MISTRESS MINE.—Ben Travers is the author, Vivian Ellis and Cole Porter wrote the music, Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay are the stars: St. James's, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 85.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mrs. David Ostrer, by Chichio Haller

Mme. Haller's first London show opened at the Adams Gallery last week; the artist, who is Swiss, spent two months alone on a Siamese island, and many of the exhibits are the result; there are also some portraits, one of which is above, and some effective circus scenes. The exhibition closes on the 21st

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO AND FRO.—Esmé Percy, Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard in this revue: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Irresponsible humour reliant on situations between Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively comedy in a house of a French crammer; Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Jessica Tandy: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome thriller: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Sara Allgood and Robert Harris lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrienne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

YOUNG MADAME CONTI.—Very mellow melodrama, with Constance Cummings in the name-part excellently supported: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

First Night

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie's Biblical with Bergner in the name-part; Godfrey Tearle as Saul: His Majesty's, Mon., 14th.

CINEMAS

COME AND GET IT (American).—From Edna Ferber's book about passions in the lumber camp: London Pavilion.

DODSWORTH (American).—Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in their clever, amusing film are at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

FREDLÖS (Swedish).—Unique ice and snow exteriors on the Russia-Finnish frontier; story of barbarous Czarist governor: Academy.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Rex Ingram is "De Lawd" in the film of Marc Connelly's negro heaven play: New Gallery.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LAND WITHOUT MUSIC (British).—Tauber, Diana Napier and Schnozzle Durante in this romantic Ruritanian musical: Plaza.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon.

MILLIONS (British).—Gordon Harker is the star; also RELATIONS (American), with Laurel and Hardy: Empire.

REMBRANDT (British).—Laughton as the painter, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence in Korda's colourful if slightly artificial picture of the period: Leicester Square.

SABOTAGE (British).—Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Oscar Homolka in a Hitchcock-directed thriller: Tivoli.

THE TENTH MAN (British).—John Lodge and Antoinette Cellier in a Somerset Maugham story: Regal.

A WOMAN REBELS (American).—Herbert Marshall, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Allan in a sister drama: Carlton.

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MADAME BUTTERFLY.—Sat., 12th, 2.30.

AÏDA.—Sat., 12th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

GODS GO A-BEGGING, LAC DES CYGNES ACT III, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Fri., 11th, 8.30.

DOUANES, PROMETHEUS, RENDEZVOUS.—Tues., 15th. 8.30.

(Continued on page G)

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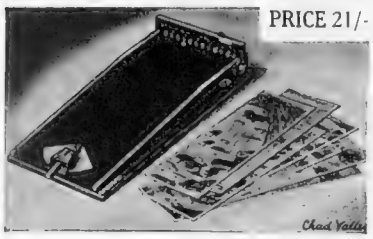

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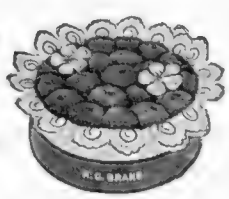

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What's On (*Continued from page F*)

MUSIC

Recitals

IDA SCHLONSKA.—Second London recital : Grotrian Hall, to-night, 9th, 8.30.

FRANÇOIS LANG.—Beethoven, Scarlatti, Schumann, Ravel, Liszt : Wigmore Hall, to-night, 9th, 8.30.

HUBERMAN.—Assisted by Jacob Gimpel : Queen's Hall, Sat., 12th, 3.

Orchestral and Choral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—Wood conducts, Louis Krasner is the soloist ; Wagner, Brahms, Alban Berg (violin concerto), and Bach-Respighi (Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor) : Queen's Hall, to-night, 9th, 8.15.

BOYD NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA.—Bach, Handel and Stravinsky programme : Wigmore Hall, Thurs., 10th, 8.30.

L.S.O.—Coates conducts, Giula Bustabo is the soloist ; Mendelssohn, Sibelius, Lalo (Rhapsody Espagnole) : Queen's Hall, Fri., 11th, 8.15.

L.P.O.—And the Royal Opera Choir : Beecham conducts, Cecilia Hanssen, Elsie Suddaby and Roy Henderson are the soloists ; Brahms programme (Tragic Overture, Violin Concerto in D, Requiem) : Covent Garden, Sun., 13th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Moiseiwitsch is the soloist ; Bach, Mozart, Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff : Sun., 13th, 3.30.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW : Agricultural Hall, Islington, till Fri., 11th.

AIR FORCE EXHIBITION : United Services Museum.

LIONEL EDWARDS.—Exhibition of recent pictures : Sporting Gallery, Jermyn Street.

CHICHIO HALLER.—Exhibition of paintings : Adams Gallery, Pall Mall Place.

DANCING AND DINING

In the Ballrooms

CHRISTMAS BALL.—In aid of the Canning Town Women's Settlement : Grosvenor House, to-night, 9th.

GOLF BALL.—In aid of the extension appeal fund of St. Mary's Hospital : Grosvenor House, Thurs., 10th.

WAIFS AND STRAYS BALL : Dorchester, Tues., 15th.

FASHION PLATE BALL.—In aid of Working Girls' Clubs : Grosvenor House, Tues., 15th.

In the Restaurants

COQ D'OR.—The newest restaurant, in Provençal auberge style ; excellent food (some amusing specialities) ; no music.

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue ; Jack Jackson's band : extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new all-star supper revue has Lou Holtz and some singers and dancers ; Sydney Lipton's band : extension, Thursday.

KEMPINSKI'S.—The German specialities are excellent and inexpensive ; other dishes are served ; no music.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper ; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important ; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret : extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing ; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please ; the wine list is also excellent ; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight ; Van Straten's band plays ; you needn't dress for the Grill : extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—This is new and amusing, and the food and wine are faultless ; lunch and dinner only, and Sundays, dinner.

RENDEZVOUS.—Here 's a Soho suggestion ; the food is good, and they give you plenty of it. Open on Sundays too.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again ; Joe Kaye plays for dancing : extension, Wednesdays.

SAN MARCO.—Mabel Scott entertains ; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

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(Photograph by courtesy of the P.L.M.)

A Panorama of Cannes and the Estérels from the Observatory

Cannes and its lovely bay, looking east towards the Estérel hills. Observe the generous sprinkling of hotels, rising in palatial prominence; for the excellence of these Cannes, as one of the most fashionable Riviera resorts, has long been famous

Writing Up the Riviera

By One Who Knows

WHEN you are a journalist and you are asked to write about somewhere in particular, various courses of action suggest themselves. One is to remember whether anybody else has written about it recently, and if so, to read what they have written and then dish it up again with a slightly different flavouring. But that would be very immoral, and only a journalist lost to all sense of self-respect would stoop to it. Another is to remember whether you know anybody who has been there and will be willing to tell you about it. Yet a third is to remember whether you have been there yourself, and if so, whether it was recently or a long time ago, whether in winter or in summer.

At this point, in the case of the French Riviera, I find myself faced with what the French would call, if they spoke English, an embarrassment of riches. I was there as recently as last August, and as long ago as 1925. I have seen all the seasons except autumn there, and as this year's autumn is now over, there is no need to dwell on that little shortcoming. My only real regret is that I did not know it before the war. Not only must a phenomenon like Monte Carlo have been just as fascinating, in an entirely different way, as it is to-day, but having known a place before the war is a trump-card up the sleeve of an elder travel writer (as you might say an elder statesman) worth any two in the hand of a younger one.

(Reproduced by courtesy of the P.L.M.)

Marseilles: an almost bird's-eye view of the old port, taken from the Transporter Bridge. This is one of the most picturesque seaboard cities of the whole Mediterranean

MY own Riviera junketings have been modest enough, as these things go, but retrospectively I always think of even the most commonplace journeys I have made in terms of an odyssey, and it seems to me that arriving at Marseilles by car or train is really just as exciting for ordinary people as arriving at the North Pole must be for an explorer. Much warmer, too. Both this summer and last winter I arrived by car, and I regard that journey as a kind of gastronomic pilgrimage, with the "Trois Faisans" at Dijon as one of the chief shrines.

There are other landmarks too, which flit across my mind more or less at random: a dish of *champignons sauté* at the Hotel Moderne, Chalon-sur-Saône; a luncheon at the Hôtel du Relais de l'Empereur, Montélimar, that was really a poem—rather a long poem, perhaps, but unmistakably a great one; then I can remember what appears to have been a long row of bottles of Château Neuf du Pape, perhaps the most subtly delicious of all French wines, at the Crillon at Avignon; then again I remember the joy of waking up one crystal-clear winter morning at Hôtel du Château Tivoli, Brignoles, with the sun streaming in at my window and a marvellous freshness in the air outside, as though the world were newly made. I do not know why I should remember that particularly, except that there was a charming view from the window of fields and a distant prospect of hills, and that it was my fourth day away

(Continued on page J)

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● "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

This is Cap d'Ail, where you see the Riviera coast-line looking its most attractive. The large building in the foreground is a famous hotel, the Eden

Writing Up the Riviera *(Continued from page H)*

from England, which I had left with fog freezing to the windscreen.

If you are motoring you can either strike the coast at Marseilles, or else go eastwards via Aix-en-Provence and Brignoles, striking it just a little this side of St. Raphael. Which route you choose depends largely on where you want finally to arrive and how much time you 've got.

Aix itself, however, is a charming town in which to stop and hesitate, although the longer you spend hesitating there the less you want to leave it and go anywhere else. The Brignoles road takes you through some lovely country at the back of the Montagnes des Maurés; on the other hand, I myself could not bear to be anywhere within fifty miles of Marseilles without going there.

Marseilles is such an incredibly exuberant town; it is always teeming with life and vitality; the Canebière, that famous "main street" which runs north from the Vieux Port, presents an unending pageant—I can only think of one other street in Europe at all like it, and that is the Rambla in Barcelona. You probably know the phrase with which Marseillais themselves express their pride in it: "Paris? C'est Marseille sans la Canebière."

Perhaps if they were to say that Paris is Marseilles without the bouilleabaisse, it wouldn't sound quite so good, since for every two people who regard bouilleabaisse (a rich, marine soup, full of the wonders of the deep chopped up into little bits) as the most delectable dish on earth, there must be one (or more) who regard it with feelings ranging between grave suspicion and active dislike. I personally belong to the most extreme section of this latter school of thought, and if I had space I could make all sorts of illuminating observations on bouilleabaisse. But I am not any the less fond of Marseilles on that account: there is so much to see and do there—and there are plenty of other delicious things to eat.

This summer every resort between Marseilles and Toulon was packed with French people enjoying (quite unmistakably enjoying) their holidays. I imagine, however, that in winter there is no difficulty about finding accommodation in this part: the places at the western end of the Riviera are small, unpretentious and charming, only quite recently promoted from their earlier status of fishing villages. In August I was forced on from one hotel to another without being able to stop anywhere until I got to Toulon, a large naval base and important provincial town. I liked it very much—but it is definitely not a resort.

Hyères, on the other hand, its next-door neighbour, definitely is. And a very nice one. In fact, it is one of the oldest established resorts on the whole coast. It offers to visitors two golf courses and a cure for rheumatism, and this combination of amenities proves irresistible to English people, who flock there year after year, and understandably so, if the Golf Hotel (which is the only one I know personally) sets the prevailing standard of comfort. Indeed, Golf Hotels seem to be as much synonymous with comfort as they are with golf courses down here, for two other admirable ones come to my mind at once—that at Valescure and that at Beauvallon.

(Concluded on page L)

There's Gaiety at Monte Carlo

CALENDAR

DECEMBER 1936—MARCH 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: Hotel de Paris—opening Gala, *December 20*; International Sporting Club—opening of the Season, *December 22*; Christmas Gala, *December 24*; New Year's Gala, *December 31*; INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18–26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) Christmas Tournament, *December 21*; Club Championships, *January 11–17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18–24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts SEGOVIA, *December 18*; CORTOT and THIBAUD, *December 25*; CORTOT (Chopin recital), *January 1*; Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17–19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 20*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.

WHAT time we waste, looking for that elusive thing—gaiety! So little of the real stuff now. But you time-savers at once remember Monte Carlo, with its romantic traditions of gaiety and glamour just a little different from anything else in the world. And you'll be right—for as it was in the old days, so it is now. Monte Carlo has magic still.

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This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

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● "BYSTANDER" RIVIERA SECTION

(Photograph by courtesy of P.L.M.

The inner harbour at Nice, a town which, in addition to being a fine resort, is a centre of learning and has a busy civic life

Writing Up the Riviera *(Continued from page J)*

THE famous places which made the French Riviera's name are lumped more or less together at the eastern end.

Cannes is the first of them, and there are two things that strike you about it the moment you arrive: one, the extraordinarily beautiful view westwards across the bay to the Estérel hills (with an almost theatrical sense of the appropriate, the sun sets behind them on winter afternoons); the other, the impressiveness and magnificence of the hotels. There must be about a dozen of them, and some are household words—outstanding ones are the Miramar, the Majestic, the Martinez, the Hotel des Anglais, the Gallia Palace, the California, the Beau Site—among the denizens of that fashionable world which, drawn from every capital in Europe, assembles there each winter to engage in a sparkling social round between January and April.

MONTE CARLO, too, is another of those places whose brilliance neither age or anything else can dim. It is about seventy years since the "beau monde" of Europe and America started going there for distraction, and it is still doing so to-day. If you don't believe that, you have only to stop for a minute in front of one of the big hotels, the Hotel de Paris, the Hermitage, or the Metropole, and watch the constant in-and-out through the swing-doors, the lovely clothes of the women.

Everybody has to go to Monte Carlo at some time or other: it is one of the wonders of the world. Last winter they were making a lot of their musical programme, getting famous conductors and famous artistes from all over the place, and I see that this season the experiment is to be repeated. What more is there to ask for? Monte Carlo lacks nothing now, from celebrity concerts to an aquarium and a hydropathic institute where fat people can be made thin.

THEN, further east again, there is Menton, calm, friendly, delightful, with a kind of pleasant sophistication that is wholly its own. Menton has "character," and it lies in such an attractive sheltered position that one feels it is very lucky to have been able to preserve it, especially as during the past three or four years it has been developing apace and is in some ways the most "coming" of all the big Riviera resorts. More than once I have stepped into the Blue Train at Menton feeling that after so much loveliness (you see masses of flowers there) it was almost unbearable to have to go back and face the rigours of an English spring.

AND I have other recollections on which to draw as well—the hospitable Hotel Ruhl at Nice, sun-filled days of delicious idleness at the Hotel du Cap d'Antibes, the ever-astonishing loveliness of the coast round Cap d'Ail, where the appropriately named Hotel Eden makes the most of its Elysian situation . . . there's no end to them. The Riviera is all right, both in summer and winter. The people are all right, the climate is all right, the hotels are all right. One might travel a great deal further, but nowhere could one hope to fare better.

Photo: W. Vennemann

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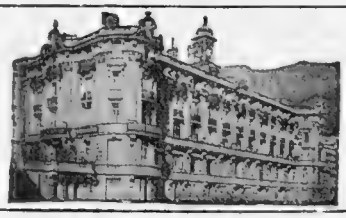

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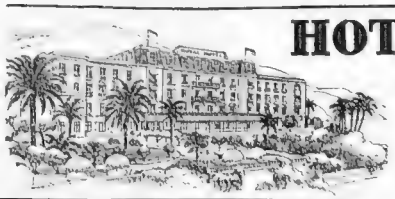

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Talking About the South . . . .

A Few Riviera Reminders

Guides to Marseilles

THE ubiquitous Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son are as much in evidence on the Riviera as everywhere else. Their Marseilles office is at 67, la Canebière, and one of their recent booklets is entitled "How to See Marseilles." That Marseilles is well worth seeing has been emphasised on an earlier page; that Cooks' can tell you how best to see it (particularly if you have not been there before or have only a limited time at your disposal) requires no emphasis at all. The same booklet, incidentally, tells you something of what to see in Roman France generally, and how to see that, too. It would be worth every visitor's while to get their booklet, if only for the useful plan of the city which it contains. Nothing is more aggravating than losing yourself in a foreign town; but nothing, on the other hand, more gratifying than being able to find yourself again.

The Tourist Office which is run by the Marseille Syndicat d'Initiative (1, Boulevard Garibaldi, which is at one of the corners of the Canebière) also has a useful little booklet about the city, and is always ready to give help and advice to visitors.

The Temptations of Corsica

ONE of the temptations to which visitors to the South of France must inevitably submit is that of re-casting their plans to include a visit to Corsica, or else determining to go to Corsica for their next foreign holiday. Once you have reached the Riviera Corsica only seems such a little way further on. And indeed it is. There is an extremely good service to Corsica both from Marseilles and Nice, run by the Compagnie de Navigation Fraissinet—most comfortable, rapid boats, that bear you to that delectable island from one day to the next. It is, of course, a marvellous place to visit, and even shorn as it has been of its bandits, there is still a marvellous feeling of wildness and remoteness about it that is very refreshing. Admirers of Napoleon, of course, do not need any inducements of that sort, though. The name itself is sufficient. . . .

Monte Carlo Activities

THE Monte Carlo Motor Rally is now a hardy annual, and this winter will be the sixteenth in which it has taken place. The competitors reach the Principality (or, rather, as many of them as *do* reach it) on January 30th, and this and the following days are high spots in the winter season, with festivities following one another in bewilderingly rapid succession.

Another important event is the International Bridge Tournament, scheduled to take place between January 18th and 26th. This was held for the first time last year, and proved such an outstanding success that it is probably well on the way to becoming a regular feature of the Winter Season.

(By courtesy of P.L.M.)

MENTON: The most easterly resort of the French Riviera, and one of the most sheltered. The new Casino which was built there three years ago, is proving a great success

Recalling the Romans: Provence and the South of France generally is richly strewn with Roman remains. This is the tower of Augustus, at La Turbie, near Monte Carlo

Another of last year's innovations also to be repeated is the visit of the Bayreuth Opera Company, who are opening with *Rhinegold* on January 24th, working their way through the *Ring* and also doing *Tristan and Isolde*

The Essence of the Riviera

THERE is a charming essay by Sir Martin Conway which was originally published in the *Daily Telegraph* and has since been reprinted in pamphlet form for the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway. It is called *Rambles on the Riviera*, and deals not, for once, with the social significance of that lovely coast, not with the fashionable promenades, the splendid hotels, but rather with the background against which these things are set—the mountains, the forests, the villages, the people. The author is plainly the very best type of traveller, with a fresh, vigorous mind and a faculty of appreciation which he can direct on to even the smallest things, things that most of us, when we are abroad, just fail to notice altogether, because they belong so much to the "ordinary" life of the country. It is obvious that the Riviera has just as much to offer the quiet holiday-maker, in search only of rest and refreshment as to the one who goes there for excitement. It is, of course, a well-known aspect of the genius of France that everybody, whatever their tastes, can live exactly the kind of life they like best there. But that is a digression . . .

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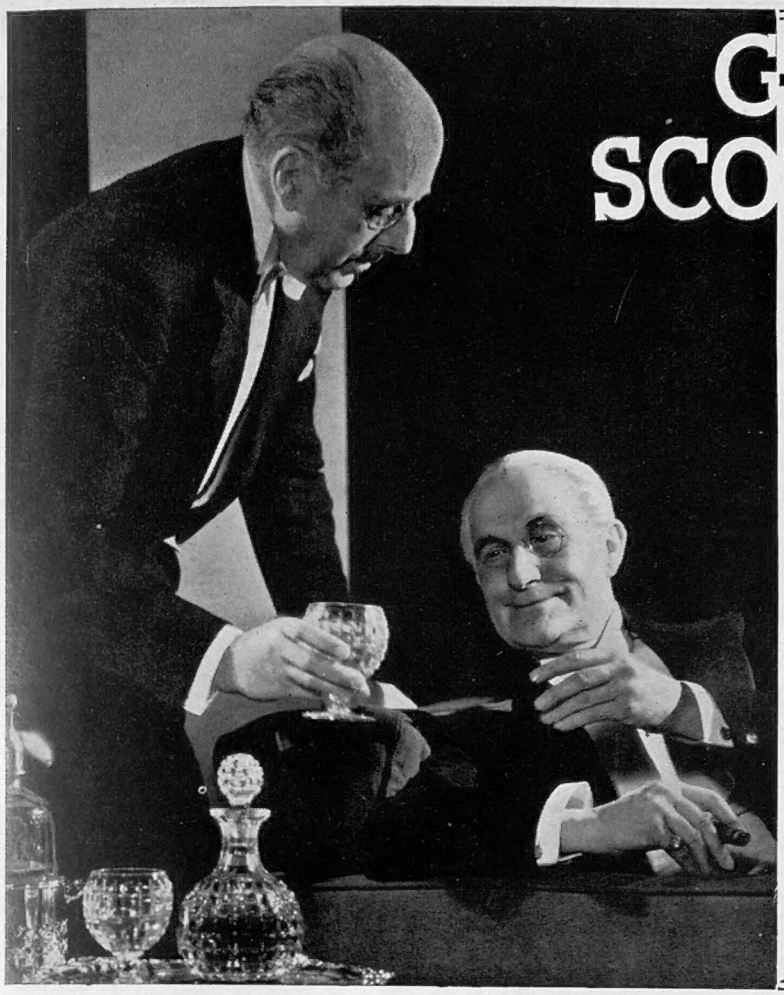

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